

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,509, Vol. 96.

28 November, 1903.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	657	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Berlioz Again. By John F. Runciman	667	Bayliss v. Coleridge . . .	672
South African Labour . . .	660	Contempt for Ideas. By Max Beer-		"The Woman's View." By Herbert	
Masks and Faces . . .	661	bohm . . .	668	Flowerdew . . .	672
The Crack of Combes . . .	662	The City . . .	669	REVIEWS:	
The College Head—New Style and Old	663	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Whig Spirit in History . . .	673
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		The Chantrey Bequest, the Academy,		Cities through a Haze . . .	674
A Judicial Selection: Lord Justice		and Mr. Spielmann. By the Hon.		A Bilingual Writer . . .	675
Mathew . . .	664	H. Finch Hatton and Harry Quilter	670	Remy de Gourmont . . .	675
A Good Manner. By A. E. Manning		Mr. Davidson's Conceits. By John		A Study of Michael Angelo . . .	676
Foster . . .	665	Davidson . . .	671	Free Imports of Aliens . . .	676
A Survey of the Higher Schools of		The Eton Hare-Hunt. By Col.		NOVELS . . .	677
England: Uppingham School . . .	666	William Lisle B. Coulson . . .	672	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . .	678
		"The Board School Girl". . .	672		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Rosebery made an effort to be serious in South London on Wednesday. The impressiveness of his behest to every man in the country to think like anything about fiscal reform could not be surpassed. But he grew bored before the end, his style recovered its vivacity, the preacher laughed. He apologised for giving figures. "The only figures with which I shall trouble you are the figures which seem to me amazing . . . The savings of the working-man amount to £367,000,000." We share the amazement. Frankly the figures lie to an extent only possible in politicians' statistics. Lord Rosebery got them probably from the record of the Post Office in which is deposited for short periods the floating capital of all conditions of people. And does Lord Rosebery share Mr. Ritchie's fear of the United States? They are a pugnacious people, he urged, and a tariff war in which "we stand to lose everything" would "blight the fairest hopes" of both nations. We should like to know how this crop of fair hopes, so easily blighted by a 2s. tax on corn, has stood the drastic operation of the McKinley tariff with a 70 per cent. duty. If other countries were free traders Lord Rosebery would have said some sound things—but one tires of seeking to find the visionary world of which Lord Rosebery is "the lost leader". What is his answer to the announcement of the Monmouthshire steel and tinplate works that being unable to "compete with German and American dumped steel" they must close the works? A thousand hands will be thrown out of employment.

Lord Rosebery had a more congenial theme in West than South London. Lord Macaulay, politician and essayist, had enough of affinity to Lord Rosebery to give insight to the eulogy and the County Council's scheme of affixing memorial tablets to the houses of famous men is congruous with Lord Rosebery's affection for his London. It was a graceful, allusive speech. Was Lord Rosebery thinking of Thucydides' phrase, "ὡς περ ἀθλητῆς", used to describe the superlative fervour of the welcome of a returning general, when he spoke of fame greater than of "the Olympian games"? But Lord Rosebery, aloof and critical, must now see the strange inequality of his estimate of Macaulay's

talent. He has won his place as an essayist; perhaps he was a great essayist. He is a popular historian of great industry and narrative ability, though too short of historic insight to be reckoned great. But "almost, if not quite, a great poet"! "By the nine Gods", by which Lars Porsena of Clusium swore, he was no poet at all; and his poems prove it.

Mr. Chamberlain's qualities are the converse of Lord Rosebery's. The South London platform would have brought him out much better than the Macaulay tablet. Yet we do not hold with those who declare that Mr. Chamberlain has no literary taste. He has a strong taste. But taste does not connote goodness. Can he not see his way to entrust his literary conscience to Mr. Balfour? At Cardiff Mr. Chamberlain tried his hand on Tennyson with disastrous result. He tried to paint a moving portrait of Mr. Balfour keeping—according to the "Times"—"kingly silence while they bawl". Such shocking misquotation of one of the little poems on which he prided himself might be almost enough to make Tennyson turn Little Englander were he living. Sir Ashmead Bartlett was at least accurate in quoting Tennyson when he likened Mr. Balfour to the "one still, strong man in a blatant land". At Newport Mr. Chamberlain did fresh injustice to Tennyson, quoting from the "hands all round" verses, and in the same breath describing the maker of them as "our greatest poet". In literature Mr. Chamberlain wields the gingham with a vengeance.

But consider his strong speeches at Cardiff and Newport which should be studied with care by all people who are hot to use the hard weapon of personality in the fiscal campaign. Nothing could be more telling than the thrusts, some light others severe all extremely dexterous, which he made at his opponents: Lord Rosebery's new policy of "commercial rest" was admirably taken off: "Go to sleep gentlemen—forget your troubles—try Lord Rosebery's world-famed soporific"; Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Churchill were the "twins"; and Mr. Bowles' offer to Mr. Balfour he described as one of "invisible support". Now this is good stuff, the real stuff. So was Sir Edward Grey's picture of Mr. Balfour—"Retaliation on his lips, protection in his thoughts, food taxes up his sleeve". Most people who try the sword would do better with an old gingham. The "Times" leader writer smashes Lord Rosebery by declaring that he is often "funny" but never so funny as when he does not intend to be so. It would never have occurred to us

to present Lord Rosebery as the funny man somehow. Mr. Ritchie must have staggered when he read in the same place how Mr. Crisp, "a prominent resident in that important borough" (Croydon) would contest his seat.

The Free Food meeting held at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday was made to mark a very definite stage in the progress of the fight. The Duke of Devonshire is to be thanked by both parties for putting at last a clear issue; and we can only hope that presently Mr. Balfour will see the practical wisdom, as he has acknowledged the theoretic, of discarding compromise. The Duke of Devonshire contributed little if anything to the sum of argument on the question whether import duties are good or bad or in what degree; but his challenge for a definite issue is perhaps the most valuable contribution made from his side. "The taxation of food is the keystone to the whole position". The taxation of food involves preference to the colonies. There is the issue; and we endorse every word that the Duke of Devonshire urged as to the wisdom and honesty of keeping this issue plain. If Mr. Balfour will accept Lord Onslow's conviction that the proposed taxes will not increase the price of living for agricultural labourers his last difficulty in rejecting the present compromise will be dissipated.

The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Goschen, duo fulmina belli, appear oddly in the pose of protagonists of a new society. One may admire them for fidelity to the creed of their prime, but their selves and speeches go to prove that the whole power of the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain—whose years are no test of his age—is centred in those who have repeated the formulæ for too many years to care to re-test them. Lord Hugh Cecil is a distinguished exception; and with him are collected, further to redress the balance, a few of those eccentric politicians who have always sought an avenue of advancement by an affectation of independence. Perhaps too there is a certain irritation that ancient beliefs should be subjected to injury by men whom they regard as youthful schismatics. From the point of view of party politics the presence of Sir Michael Hicks Beach on the platform gave proof of the mistake of the Government compromise more distinctive even than the three-cornered contests which are being prepared in the constituencies. He has now appeared both with Mr. Balfour and the Duke of Devonshire, the men between whom the political breach is especially marked and, since the Queen's Hall speech, irretrievable. Happily public opinion is likely to be too conservative of the philosophy of dualism in English politics to endure much longer this Tertium Quid.

Lord Goschen did not do himself justice. It is astonishing that a man, always eminent as a debater, should have so indulged in vicious generalities. After review of the welfare of working men in other countries, which had nothing to do with the question whether they or we are progressing most rapidly, he suggested that if we could get at the real opinions of the populace in protected countries it would give a verdict against protection. Lord Goschen knows that every American citizen exults in the system of protection and attributes to it the wealth of the country. In France protection is so much a basis of the economic principle of the country that in all the continual changes among the many political parties who have succeeded to government protection has not yet been called in question. The advertisement of such patent misrepresentation points a criticism delivered lately by an almost hidebound free trader after reading his weekly paper. His convictions, he said, were proof against everything except, he began to fear, the arguments adduced in favour of free trade by the free-trade organs.

The vacancies at Dulwich and Lewisham created by the deaths of Sir Blundell Maple and Mr. John Penn may give rise to interesting contests. South London is overwhelmingly Conservative, and in ordinary times Dulwich would be a perfectly safe seat. But the preponderance of Conservatives is so great that it is not possible to say what would be the result of a three-

cornered fight between a Chamberlainite, a Conservative free trader, and a Radical. Owing to Mr. Penn's continued ill-health, Lewisham has been neglected for some years, and it is said that the Radical vote is pretty strong. There are a great many skilled mechanics employed in the engineering works, from which Mr. Penn severed his connexion many years ago, who always voted for their old boss. How these men will vote when a stranger stands remains to be seen.

Blundell Maple, as he was universally called even after he acquired a prefix, was one of those restless, excitable men, who never can sit still in a room or read quietly for five minutes. This temperament was very useful to him in his business, which his father created, but which he pushed and puffed into a world-wide concern. The beginning of his really big fortune, the second phase in the existence of the firm, was the furnishing of hotels and political caravanserais, in which he took debentures. Maple's restlessness drove him into politics, of which he knew nothing, and on to the Turf, of which he knew less. Maple was distinctly a product of his age, and he was shrewd enough to see that he would make himself ridiculous by sinking the shop; so he paraded it. He had a great many acquaintances.

Maple's maiden speech in the House of Commons was a distinct success. The style was very bad indeed, there was no restraint, and the h's were treated in a way that set the nerves on edge. But Maple really had something to say—on shops—and he believed in what he said. Moreover there was an entire absence of the conceit which with a House of Commons audience ruins many new members who come in with a reputation for something or other, and expect an attentive ear. The House indeed is rather like Eton in this—a newcomer who brings airs and graces with him on the strength of wealth or family makes a bad start. Only at the school the newcomer gets kicked, and very likely is quite a success afterwards: at Westminster first impressions are often fatal, though the new member makes great efforts to live them down. Maple could take a joke at his own expense. When Dr. Tanner called him "the Hon. Member for Tottenham Court Road" there was a shout of laughter, in which Maple with presence of mind joined.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a curious little note in his "At the Sign of the Ship" article in "Longmans' Magazine". He notes the fact that the "new Cabinet is All Souls". Here is the kind of subject on which Mr. Lang speaks with authority—one doubts whether he does on water-dowsing, one of his latest interests. It is certain that reconstruction has purged the Cabinet of a good deal of the corporeal element and at the same time strengthened the spiritual. You would put Mr. Ritchie, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord George Hamilton in the former category for instance. Probably Mr. Balfour, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Lyttelton bear out what Mr. Lang says about souls. Mr. Graham Murray is harder to define; being perhaps rather pragmatic for a soul. But would Mr. Lang put Mr. Akers Douglas and Lord Halsbury among his souls?

Over fifty Irish Nationalist M.P.s have formally begged Mr. O'Brien not to withdraw, as he threatens he will, from public life. Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davitt are not to have things all their own way, this is clear. But Mr. Healy is being watched just now with a good deal of interest by some people. He has not enthusiastically flung himself into the arms of either side, but he seems to lean to Mr. O'Brien. Some of his friends have certainly declared in favour of Mr. O'Brien remaining to the fore. The notion that Mr. Healy is about to wean himself from political interests and ambitions, and devote his future to professional work in England, is not at all general among Irish Nationalists. Should the two factions come to open warfare, Mr. Healy might hold aloof, and, when both were exhausted, come out as the new leader and saviour of Ireland. Hitherto Mr. Healy has lacked opportunity.

The visit to Paris of the two hundred Parliamentary delegates on Thursday was not a bad idea: a fit example of the mutual good feelings which M. Delcassé expressed at the beginning of the week in his speech on foreign affairs. We could have wished that the organisation had been as good as the idea. The French are a people admirably sensitive to manner, not to say manners. By what accident of antipathy was Mr. Louis Sinclair appointed secretary? Mr. Sinclair has energy, has ambition, has progressed wonderfully, has amassed the suffrages of Romford; but Mr. Sinclair has not that "untaught grace" which makes Lord Lansdowne a popular foreign secretary in France. We like to think of such a visit as an interval of urbane intercourse during which busy politicians might enjoy the feeling of being "librement occupés" with the finer courtesies. Because it was felt that the secretary should be an embodiment of this view, the visit came within an ace of breaking up in anything but an entente cordiale.

Monday's sitting in the French Chamber of Deputies was remarkable for a patriotic explosion, provoked by M. de Pressensé's appeal to the Chamber and to France "not to be hypnotised [sic] by the prospect of a revenge which no one wants and which no one has ever wanted". The reference to Alsace and Lorraine produced an amazing scene. The whole Chamber—with the exception of a very few members of the Extreme Left—hooted M. de Pressensé. M. Georges Leygues, ex-Minister, and other prominent deputies shouted emphatic denials. "A blasphemy", cried M. Leygues, and secured the climax of the ovation. Also, M. de Pressensé has been severely censured by the entire press, even his colleague M. Georges Clémenceau bidding him "speak for himself" and declaring that his statement would be indignantly repudiated by everyone in France. Nor was M. Jaurès' project of disarmament more happily received. Coming upon M. de Pressensé's unpopular remark it aggravated the ire of the deputies, and another storm broke forth. In France, and particularly in patriotic Paris, you must not mention Alsace and Lorraine. The feeling of "revenge", denied by M. de Pressensé, so far as the two lost provinces are concerned, possesses every Frenchman. The most casual observer can perceive this.

The elections to the Prussian Chamber of Deputies have left parties very much as they were. They have been memorable for the interposition of the Social Democrats for the first time; and it is remarkable that though in the Reichstag they have steadily been increasing their representation until they have become one of the most formidable parties there they have not succeeded in returning a candidate to the Prussian Chamber. By their opposition to the Radicals they have succeeded however in strengthening the Conservatives, Clericals and National Liberals. But that is a matter of comparative indifference and their object in putting up their candidates was to draw attention to the inequalities of the system of the electoral colleges which renders impotent the voting of the lower classes of the electors. The Socialists have quarrelled with the Radicals and thus the three parties, of National Liberals, Radicals and Social Democrats, are divided against their enemies the Conservatives and Clericals whose general politics and views on denominational education seem to be endorsed by the result of the elections. A speech of Dr. von Rothenburg, the Curator of the University of Bonn, has excited Conservative indignation. He has charged that party with wishing to apply the "policeman's truncheon" to the Socialists: and he is believed to have had the approval of the Imperial Government which is supposed to dislike the opposition between the Conservative parties and the advanced parties being forced into prominence.

The Sultan, who has at last notified to the Russian and Austrian ambassadors that he has been pleased to accept the suggested solution of the Macedonian difficulty, has left himself a typical way of evasion. He accepts the principle: and with further good nature recognises the expression of the principle in all the articles. So far the reply is wholly satisfactory and

appears to have been interpreted as genuine by diplomats. But the note concludes with a reservation that "everything calculated to affect the prestige of Turkey be avoided". The reservation is marked by proper dignity: but it can be concealed from no one that the arrangements for personal surveillance, as it were official espionage, involve in their nature great humiliation to Turkey; and at any time it will be easy to represent the action of the international assessors as coming to decisions which unduly prejudice the dignity of the suzerain State in Macedonia. However, once the appointments are confirmed, any further protests from Turkey will not be effective to stop the work of reform, unless definite action is taken. The scheme will not be at the mercy of mere postponement.

The American Senate has been too often threatened to allow of any hopefulness that its constitution will be amended; but there is a culmination of feeling against its vicious caprices. The better part of American feeling is with the President, though perhaps only his force could have so aroused the public to feel that the refusal to remit tariffs in favour of the liberated Cuba is a national disgrace. President Roosevelt insists on an extra session to carry through the bill; but his personal wishes and the decision of the House of Representatives are set at naught, as they can always be set at naught, by the caprice of a cantankerous senator or two, less ashamed of dishonour than the rest. For the moment there is a deadlock between the House of Representatives who maintain that the Reciprocity Bill must be passed this session, and the Senate which refuses to discuss it till the third week in December. But apart from the present plight of the "free" and poor Cubans, the significant fact is the determined expression by the Speaker of the House of his conviction that its independence must be asserted at all costs.

We are glad to see that the National Service League has taken up the moral put with admirable force in Lord Wolseley's book in the chapter headed "Our Habitual Unpreparedness for War". "Besides our great and splendid fleet, we require for national defence a highly-trained standing army, supported by great reserves of trained soldiers, always ready to take the field with every necessary warlike appliance. And this we can never have without some form of compulsory military service. The nation in such a condition of naval and military strength can almost always count upon being able to avoid war, whilst the nation unprepared for war must always be at the mercy of a neighbouring bully." We know no better authority than Lord Wolseley, though the need for what the headmaster of Dulwich has called not compulsory service but universal or citizen service should be apparent without the appeal to any authority. We should be glad to see all those who think seriously of the question join the League and add to the momentum of its work.

A curious and so far unexplained incident occurred at the Bank of England on Tuesday. A stranger called and asked to see the Governor. He was shown into the room of the private secretary Mr. Kenneth Grahame and at once drew out a revolver and fired several shots. Happily he shot badly and Mr. Grahame was uninjured. The assailant was captured after a good deal of difficulty with the help of the fire hose which was doubly effective against his person and his powder. It shows a strange confidence that a man should have easy access to authority without being compelled to give on paper at a safe distance some excuse for the interview demanded. Mr. Grahame is too delightful a writer to be jeopardised in the course of mere bank business.

The affair of the notorious Sapphire Corundum Mine gave rise to two separate actions on the same day (Tuesday) before the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Lawrence. In the first Mrs. Hooley sued Mr. Booth a director for £300 balance of £500 for 5,000 shares sold by Mr. Hooley as his wife's agent and on which Mr. Booth had paid £200. She also sued him for £2,500 the price of 25,000 shares said to have been sold to him. Mr. Booth denied that he had agreed to pay £500 for the first batch of shares, and said that

the second batch were not sold but handed over to him for the purpose of helping to reconstruct the company. He counter-claimed for the return of the £200 as having been obtained by misrepresentation that a working capital of £10,000 was in the bank to the credit of the company. Judgment was obtained for the return of the £200 on the ground of untrue representations, and the plaintiff was held not entitled to recover the £2,500. Before Mr. Justice Lawrance, Mr. Causton was sued for £5,000 part of certain bills to the amount of £70,000 he had accepted in connexion with the company transactions. The defence was fraud and the Judge gave judgment for the defendant. He said there was no doubt whatever that the whole transaction with regard to the Sapphire Corundum Mine was fraudulent from beginning to end. In another case, Kelly and Bradshaw, similar questions are awaiting the result of a new trial that has been granted.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge has informed the world with unnecessary emprossement that "I have paid" &c. the damages awarded to Professor Bayliss. The phrase of course does not explain whether the funds of the society have contributed; and that is the only point in which those members of the society who do not approve of Mr. Coleridge's indiscreet zeal are concerned. But in any case it must be a blow to them to learn from Professor Bayliss' letter in the "Morning Post" that he intends to apply the money to the furtherance of physiological research at University College. They object both to vivisection and the action of the Anti-Vivisection Society's secretary. It is possible also for an outsider to separate the aims of the society from the secretary. Scientific institutions, no more than others, ought to carry a high hand of authority without criticism; and vivisection is so open to abuse that a vigilance society conducted with knowledge, and not with a morbid imagination, has a quite legitimate function.

Just before the war a small committee of Churchmen and Churchwomen (one of whom was the late Charlotte Yonge) was formed for the purpose of marking by some modest and non-political memorial the 250th anniversary of the death upon the "memorable scene" before Whitehall which sealed once for all the Catholic character of the Church of England. It was proposed to re-edify and restore to public worship the little artificially-ruined chapel, or more properly parish church, of S. Nicholas within Carisbrooke Castle. The Office of Works consented, the antiquaries gave a nihil obstat, and Royal sympathy and aid came afterwards. Inter arma silent subscription lists. We are glad to hear however that there is now enough money in hand for the mere fabric; special gifts of Churchmen will no doubt come in later. There are few buildings in the island of more historic interest than this little desolate sanctuary of S. Nicholas-in-Castro, which Keble visited with "beating heart", and which Newman said sustained his courage with memory of the past.

It is odd that whereas the old accusation against King Charles was that he was a man of high-flown ideas who trampled on the laws of England, Mr. Morley and others now describe him as a rigid stickler for the black-letter of the constitution who had not the largeness of view to see that changed times demanded changed laws or that old bottles will not hold new wine. We care not. In an age of ever-deepening Philistinism this prince, with whom closed the era of heroic kingship, will attract the hearts of all who are grateful not only for devotion to the Church but for idealism in government, and none the less because he lacked the resolution and directness of coarser-fibred natures. Those who admire the principle of brutality—at Drogheda if not in Monastir—have their fill of satisfaction every time they pass Lord Rosebery's "gift to the nation" outside Westminster Hall. What greater contrast could there be between the two conceptions of life symbolised in this gross figure and in Lescaur's grave and pathetic equestrian statue at Charing Cross? We omitted to say that the secretary for the Carisbrooke memorial is the rector of Whippingham. The plans have been drawn by Mr. Percy Stone.

SOUTH AFRICAN LABOUR.

AT last the long expected report of the Transvaal Labour Commission, or rather a cabled summary of its findings, is before the public. Those who expected a definite recommendation to import Chinese coolies will be disappointed. Such advice would have been outside the scope of reference to the Commission, which was appointed to inquire into and report upon existing and available sources of native labour supply in Central and Southern Africa, and to state what, in their opinion, were the demands and necessities of the various industries in the Transvaal. The Commission having ascertained the relation between the supply and the demand, it becomes the province of the Colonial Government, with the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to devise such remedies as may be thought proper. The Commission held thirty-two sittings, at which ninety-two witnesses were examined, and 14,056 questions answered. The findings leave nothing to be desired in point of clearness, and knock two illusions emphatically on the head, (1) that it is possible to employ unskilled white labour in competition with black; (2) that it is possible to bring the supply of African natives up to the requirements of the colony by any system of taxation, or even of forced labour. On the "mean white" delusion the Commission reports that "the evidence of the past is overwhelmingly and conclusively against the contention that white labour can successfully compete with black in the lower fields of manual industry". Such a measure "is condemned by past and present experience as impractical and impossible". The mean white is far more costly and less efficient than the Kaffir, and the effect of his employment is, in the opinion of Mr. Robeson, consulting engineer to the Village Main Reef Company, as disastrous to the skilled whites as to the shareholders. Exit the Radical theory that the unemployed under Free Trade could be shipped off to work on the Rand! The Commissioners rather contemptuously dismiss "the advocacy of forced labour" as "of no practical value", meaning thereby, we suppose, that there is no chance of any such system being sanctioned by either the colonial or Imperial Government. "Further", the report goes on to say "the value of taxation as a means of compelling the native to seek work has hitherto been greatly overestimated, as the native cultivates an extra piece of ground to meet the tax". The Commissioners do not altogether exclude the possibility that at some distant date, when some future generation of Kaffirs has become "civilised", the supply from Africa may be increased. "The main reason for the scarcity is to be found in the fact that the native tribes are for the most part primitive pastoral or agricultural communities, possessing exceptional facilities for the full and regular supply of their animal wants, and with a low standard of economic needs". All this we knew before: but one cannot help asking, how was it that, before the war, under the bad Boer rule, an adequate supply of natives, (at least sufficient for the then existing number of stamps), was maintained? This question is neither asked nor answered in the summary of the report published in the newspapers. But we have heard that the "boys" came in freely under the Boers because they were allowed to spend their wages in drink and generally have a good time. Under the virtuous Briton the boys are not allowed to buy drink, or spend their wages in any amusement. Kaffirs, like all savages, are as susceptible of boredom as they are of amusement: and nowadays, when the wages which have been saved up for them are paid at the end of their time, they go away to buy another piece of land, determine never to return. This is a natural explanation of the difference between the 98,000 boys before the war and the 68,000 now employed, and we dare say it is the true one. It is also possible, though we do not think probable, that in a generation or two the standard of living amongst the Kaffir kraals may be so raised as to bring their tenants into the towns to earn wages. We do not think it is probable, because we observe that the African in the West Indies and the Malay in the Straits Settlements and in Java have

for more than forty years had opportunities of raising their standard of living by work, and have conspicuously refused to do so. It is true that the African negro in the United States has outwardly approached to the standard of the white man: but there the climate is temperate, and the negro has been clothed and educated in the houses of white men. No such conditions exist in tropical and semi-tropical countries, and the civilisation of the Kaffir is one of those things about which we are sceptical. Anyway it would take a very long time, and the Transvaal cannot wait: and even if it came at last, we do not think it would at all enable the native supply to meet the demand. How great and how pressing is that demand is the one fact in the report which will surprise most people.

The shortage of unskilled labour does indeed appear to be enormous. In the opinion of the Commission at least 80,000 natives are required "for the immediate wants of agriculture", 129,364, for mining purposes, and for "other industries, including railways" 40,000; in round figures, 250,000 labourers are required. The wants of the mining industry are incomparably the most important. Whatever developments may take place in agriculture, and we believe they will be great, by its mineral wealth the Transvaal must stand or fall. It is hardly necessary to add that minerals are useless unless they can be worked at a profit. That minerals of all kinds, gold, copper, diamonds, and coal abound in all parts of the Transvaal is admitted: but they might as well be non-existent if there is not enough labour to extract them from the bowels of the earth. Before the war the production of the mines in the Transvaal was, in round figures, 400,000 ounces of gold a month, for which some 96,000 boys were required, whereas at present about 68,000 are at work. But the Commissioners report that the immediate wants of the mines can only be satisfied, not by 28,000 labourers, (the difference between the present and the ante-war figure), but by 129,000, bringing the total up to 197,000 boys. That gives some idea of the development of the mining industry since the war, and the number of new stamps erected, or ready to be erected. It is prodigious, for it means doubling the previous output, if not more than that, for labour-saving appliances have been introduced. Nor is this all. Admitting that no complete data as to the future requirements of the whole mining industry are obtainable, the Commissioners estimate that the mines on the Witwatersrand alone will require within the next five years an additional supply of 196,000 labourers. In other words these experts and cool business men on the spot calculate that in a few years the mines on the Rand will be employing some 400,000 boys, more than four times the number employed before the war! Assuming that the demand can be supplied—and from a continent like China the subtraction of half a million coolies is a fleabite—this means that the output from the mines on the Witwatersrand will be quadrupled, reaching the astounding total of 1,600,000 ounces of gold a month. Such calculations are of course rough, but they seem to open a vista of wealth beyond what the world has ever seen before. It ought not to be necessary to insist upon the obvious fact that the prosperity of agriculture and the profits of the railways ultimately rest on the mining industry. For the farmer would have no market for his produce, and the railways would have little or nothing to carry, if half the mills were shut down, and engineers, managers, skilled whites, speculators, if you will, were to take themselves off. We harp on this, because there is a party, happily diminishing every day, who cherish a vulgar animosity against the mining industry and its leaders and shareholders, as the cause of the war. We are warned by the Johannesburg correspondent of the "Times" that the findings of the Commission will not be accepted without a struggle, and that there will be opposition in the colony and in this country to the importation of Chinese, even under the most stringent regulations. We do not believe it. The Radicals at home, however bitterly they may have been opposed to the war, are sensible enough to see that it is no use harking back to that, and that the best thing to be done now is to make the colonies, whose conquest cost £220,000,000, a remunerative investment. In the colony itself we

should imagine the opposition must be reduced to one or two honest fanatics, like Mr. Quin, the baker, and possibly one or two Labour agitators, themselves imported from Australia. Lord Milner sails to-day, having postponed his departure from last Saturday. We have no doubt that he will take in his pocket a draft law for regulating the importation of Chinese coolies. This can hardly be considered by the legislative council before the third week in December. But we express the confident expectation that by 1 January, 1904 the new law will be approved, and that before the end of February the first batch of Chinamen will be at work on the Rand. Should the experiment prove a success, the development of our new possessions will begin in earnest.

MASKS AND FACES.

WE are not at all sure that we ought not to have asked our musical and dramatic critics to attend the political performances of this week rather than treat them ourselves as public business. We could not say that either the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Goschen discoursed sweet music at the Queen's Hall, nor does Mr. Churchill appear to have been put on to play the bones or the tambourine, but our critic has found many concerts equally unmelodious, and not every star can have a turn at every hall. At this performance at any rate all sang in unison. And the audience was very much more the sort of thing one finds at a fashionable concert than at a political meeting. At the Surrey Theatre, again, our dramatic critic would have been thoroughly happy, for he would have found much more true comedy in Wednesday's performance than in the great majority of the plays he has to criticise. Naturally, for the principal actor was more truly an artist than any the London stage can boast. Mr. Beerbohm's sensibility would probably have been offended by some of the melodramatic rant but he would have remembered where he was, the Surrey Theatre, the Southern home of pantomime.

For us, the interest we were able to get from these performances lay in the deciphering of the faces under the masks. Masks were worn more loosely than usual, whether carelessly or of intention. The Free Fooders, having the Duke of Devonshire for their representative, were necessarily exposed. The Duke admits he has never been great at refinement of phrase; he can always be trusted to blurt out the truth. In a few sentences he got rid of any possible doubt which recent diplomatic manoeuvres on the Free Fooders' part might have created, and made it quite clear that there can be no compromise between them and the rest of the Unionist party. They are as much opposed to the Government as they are to Mr. Chamberlain, believing that the policy of the one must end in the policy of the other. With that we entirely agree, and we like the Duke of Devonshire for making it clear. True he did not say this in so many words, but what he did say could leave no other impression, and did leave no other impression. It is far better so. Let us have a plain issue; and no nonsense about sparing the Free Fooders because they call themselves Unionists. The fiscal issue transcends the Home Rule and every other issue in present importance, and it is mere weakness not to look that fact in the face. Those who wish to perpetuate the present system of Free Imports are quite right to do their utmost to turn out this Government: indeed they can hardly be honest if they do not. Similarly those who wish to get rid of the present system have no option but to fight a Unionist free importer as keenly as a Radical free importer. And we cannot help thinking it was a weakness on the part of the Prime Minister to announce that at the United Club he should give the go-by to the only subject on which the country at this moment wants to hear him speak. It was giving the enemy very just cause to blaspheme. Does Mr. Balfour still think that the fiscal question has not divided the party? The thing is done, and it is idle to dream that the rift can be closed up by never speaking of it. The only practical result of the hushing-up tactics is to add greatly to the difficulties of fiscal reformers in meeting their opponents in the field. We should have thought

the Queen's Hall proceedings would have finally dispelled any illusion as to keeping the party together. It really cannot be worth while to complicate and confuse the whole issue for the chance of retaining Sir Michael Hicks Beach. The Duke of Devonshire was bigger game. Doubtless he was worth a good deal of diplomacy: still he went.

The Free Fooders, too, will soon have to give up their independence and close up with the Radicals; or they will entirely disappear. Their logical position is not sound, as the more intellectual Liberals very clearly perceive. The taxation of food is not the issue, but Imperial Tariffs or Free Imports. None of the Free Importers suggests taking off all taxes on food. Indeed, the point is not whether a particular tax is on food or not, but whether or not it is a purely revenue tax; many food taxes Free Traders do object to, not however because they are food taxes but because it is hardly possible to tax certain foods without the tax proving protective. No group of Free Importers occupies so unscientific a position as the Free Fooders. If they calculate that the ordinary voter will not trouble about their want of science, but will be attracted by the prospect of all food and drink being relieved of taxes, which the Free Fooders have not the slightest desire to effect, their manœuvre will find them out.

They may perhaps plead that Lord Rosebery says the same. He does not say quite the same; he is more astute. Lord Rosebery speaks of a free loaf and grows very eloquent about it. He calls a free loaf "a great prerogative", and adjures us to keep a firm grip on what our fathers bought with a great price. They bought it at a great price: but we, he says, are free born. This great Imperialist, when he contemplates the wide horizon of Empire and Freedom, reduces it all to a free belly. This may be practical, but it does not sound a very lofty sentiment. We would also suggest to him that our fathers did some not contemptible deeds of empire, including amongst other items the acquisition and founding of the greater part of it; and they did it without this essence of empire, the free loaf. Lord Rosebery, full of the local associations of where he was speaking, reads "*Imperium et Libertas*" as "*Panem et Circenses*".

And there he touches perhaps the most sensitive spot of difference between the two views on the whole question. Lord Rosebery says give the people cheap bread, cheap everything, no matter where it comes from or who produces it, and they will be happy and all will go well. Mr. Chamberlain says give them the opportunity to earn their bread by their own labour and all will go well. And history is at his back to prove him right. It is not true that cheap feeding and comfort in themselves make the sinew of a nation. It is energy that makes a people, and the statesman's duty is to see, so far as statesmanship can, that energy wins its due reward. His object will not be to secure for his people energy's result without its exercise, but that their energy shall obtain its result. Socialists, in many ways the most intellectual of all political thinkers, have realised this and have formulated the natural claims of the citizens as the right to work, assuming that work will produce its natural result. Mr. Chamberlain is concerned to stop a process which is interfering with the English citizen's right to work. He knows that if employment can be found for the people, bread will follow; for the increased employment at home and in the colonies will produce the supply of goods, to which their work entitles the employed. On the other hand it is not true that facility in obtaining food and comforts necessarily results in increase of energy. Lord Rosebery and the other Free Importers by looking only at a plentiful supply, no matter how little of it our own people produce, are inverting the whole national question.

We spoke of the Socialists. There we have another mask dropped. Perhaps irritation at Mr. Blatchford's acceptance of the new policy caused Lord Rosebery inadvertently to drop the mask of collectivist progress; the mask he has worn with grace and great effect for many years. This former Chairman of the London County Council, this very figure-head of London "collectivism", the arm-in-arm friend of Mr. Benn in the old L.C.C. days, now accuses Mr. Cham-

berlain of being a State Socialist! He reproaches the Government with the growth of municipal expenditure! We rubbed our eyes when we read this. We thought we were reading a Moderate manifesto and that Lord Rosebery in Wonderland fashion had become Mr. Emden. Now we see that Lord Rosebery is the old-fashioned individualist after all, and behind his County Council mask was sneering or jeering at municipal control and municipal ownership all the time. Now we understand his knowing so little of the condition of the poorer classes as to cite their good housing, of all things, as a proof of the prosperity rained on the country by Free Trade. Lord Rosebery has made a disastrous faux pas; for in the politics of social reform there is no room for the man who deprecates State interference and municipal action.

THE CRACK OF COMBES.

THE Government of M. Combes is still a Government in name but its position is gravely imperilled. The "Bloc" still votes fairly solid but cracks and fissures are evident to the least observant eye. The disturbance arising out of the Bourse du Travail incident, when the police with admirable promptitude stopped a riot in its nascent stage, placed the Prime Minister in the awkward position of having to justify either M. Lépine, the highly efficient Prefect of Police, or the rioters. He adopted that non-committal attitude which is the last refuge of the weak. He blamed the "brutality" of the police but decided not to call upon M. Lépine to resign while promising an "inquiry" into the facts. The result of this vacillating action was that a large number of the Socialists voted against him and a still larger number of the Centre voted with him, an embarrassing situation for a Government which depends in the ultimate resort upon the support of the extremists. The Premier has therefore found himself obliged to redress the balance, and as a consequence we have seen a new development of injustice during the passage of M. Chaumié's Education Bill through the Senate. The incidents of the past ten days are a striking illustration of the bigotry and intolerance with which the Republican majority is pursuing its aims. At the same time it must be remembered that there is an *arrière-pensée* of political expediency which in the end dictates the proceedings of the Government, but does not on that account excuse them.

The opening of the discussion gave some hope of a more dignified policy than the events of the last few days have justified. The real question at issue is no longer merely justice to religious views but liberty of instruction against State monopoly. The former possesses many able advocates amongst the Republican party, who are not wholly dead to the alleged watchwords of the Revolution, however little they have been applied to the policy of that party. Amongst them M. Chaumié, the Minister of Public Instruction, promised to bear a part by no means discreditable. The original proposals of his Bill were astonishingly liberal for a Ministry with the record of the present one. The main provisions of this project were originally that it recognised for every citizen without exception the right of teaching under certain conditions, the objects of which were to ensure a proper supervision on the part of the State and also that the State should vouch for the moral integrity and the capacity of the teacher. With the traditions of centralisation and interference with personal liberty which every French Government has behind it this was by no means an ideal proposal in its original form, but it was far too liberal for the extreme supporters of the Ministry who fell upon it from the beginning with unanimous fury. It was not to be expected that in these circumstances M. Combes would promise a chivalrous and whole-hearted support to a colleague who had thus ventured to incur the hostility of a valuable section of his majority. He adopted that hesitating and dubious attitude which has hitherto been the distinguishing feature of his inglorious career and he let it be understood that he only supported M. Chaumié if that gentleman could secure the approval of the groups which really direct Republican policy. Such was the

situation at the beginning of the present month. Subsequent events have only justified the opinion every man who has watched M. Combes' political jugglery would have anticipated.

The first formidable amendment which threatened M. Chaumié's Bill stood in the name of M. Thézard and proposed that no one should be allowed to open an educational establishment without authorisation from the Government. The adoption of such a policy would have involved also the adoption of State monopoly in its least disguised form. To the chagrin of the extremists this amendment was combatted by M. Chaumié in the Senate and rejected by an overwhelming majority. M. Combes was soon made to understand that he had gone too far and had to find a means of escape from his over-liberal position. M. Delpech now comes forward with a proposal framed in the straightest spirit of anti-clerical bigotry, that no member of any religious order should be permitted to teach in a secondary school whether that person be a member of an authorised order or no. This amendment has been accepted by the Government and carried by a small majority (eleven) in the Senate.

This then is the point at which the Government of Republican France has arrived, but it has arrived there by a process of injustice inevitably developed from the law of 1901. Such a law, if it were required at all, should only have been passed after previous consultation with the Holy See, but from the way it was passed it offered considerable opportunities to those, whose one motive in politics is hatred of the Church, for the promotion of their particular projects. That M. Waldeck-Rousseau originally designed the disastrous consequences which have resulted from his ill-constructed scheme we do not assert, but he clearly foresaw many of them and he can only save his reputation as a patriot by the sacrifice of his reputation as a statesman. If we may invert a proverb we should say of him "Qui veut les moyens, veut la fin". If M. Waldeck-Rousseau had not designed the end to which they have been put, why did he design the lethal weapons he has placed in the hand of his successor? The eloquent and convincing speeches he has made of late in the Senate against M. Combes' latest attacks on public liberty are excellent in themselves but do not excuse him from the charge of being the real author of the mischief.

The Orders, even the authorised teaching Orders, being now deprived of all right to give secondary instruction, the liberty of primary teaching follows. Indeed M. Combes has already made clear the design of his policy in spite of M. Chaumié's claim that his project is for liberty of instruction generally. M. Combes and his allies are really fighting for State monopoly of all teaching which was abolished by the Loi Falloux of 1848. France is now heading straight for a régime as cramping to the individual and as unelastic in details as the iron rule of the first Napoleon. This is the result of Republican rule at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The only hope is that Frenchmen themselves may be roused at last to the gravity of the position in which their country finds herself. Apart altogether from the weight which is to lie on the individual conscience and the obstacle to the free use of every man's intelligence which the projects of the Ministry involve, the country must take into account the immense pecuniary burden which will now be imposed upon the already over-burdened taxpayer. In the first place the State will not receive from the plunder of the congregations anything like the amount which was calculated by rash speculators on the Government side. A large part of the total assets will be handed over to individual members of the Orders, who have a right to it by the law of 1901, and it is safe to assume that a large portion of the rest will be diverted en route by methods which it is not necessary to particularise. By the suppression of all religious instruction the State will have to provide for three-quarters of a million of children, 150,000 boys and 600,000 girls at least. For some of the boys room may be found in Government schools already existing. But allowing for this the new policy will involve the enlargement of the schools in nearly 300 communes and new buildings in 330 more. Then there is the necessary

furniture, which will come to about £500,000 and an annual charge of £100,000 a year for the teachers' salaries. As for the girls a modest calculation saddles the State with a charge of £3,000,000 sterling for their schools and appurtenances, and an annual charge of £300,000 for their instruction. The latter is by no means an excessive estimate, and there will be also a considerable expense involved in the laicising of the hospitals.

Can it then be matter of surprise that many excellent Republicans are at least beginning to ask themselves if M. Combes is really worth his cost to the State? and that a lack of confidence is developing among the classes which really govern France? We find discontent among the Conseils-généraux and mayors resigning office rather than carry out the law. The city of Grenoble alone loses £200,000 a year by the closing of the Grande Chartreuse and other places suffer in less degree from similar causes. Then there is the anxiety caused by the threatened abolition of the Concordat and a definite rupture with Rome, fraught with grave possibilities for the position of France abroad. One of the striking signs of the times is the withdrawal of large sums from the savings banks. This was rather oddly quoted by Lord Goschen at the Queen's Hall as a proof that protection did not suit France. What it really showed was nothing of the kind but that France was at length becoming restive under a régime which has made itself odious to every lover of freedom at home and abroad. France may or may not be tired of protection, she is certainly getting tired of M. Combes.

THE COLLEGE HEAD—NEW STYLE AND OLD.

OXFORD and Cambridge have suffered in the last few years as severely almost as the Church of England and the aristocracy of judges from the death of great men. Nor is the feeling of loss, the perennial tribute to heroes dead and gone which a self-deprecative present usually pays to the past, relieved of its regret by the usual sensation of subconscious pride in the development of their successors. There were giants in those days; nor in this parvenu present is there immediate sign that their peers are in the making. This degeneracy, brought home at the moment by a consideration of the revised list of heads of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, may be in some measure due to a present, we hope accidental, intermission of genius. But the latest endeavours to fill the places of those who are gone suggest that a certain disregard of greatness as such has been consciously adopted as a principle: the fine figurehead is out of fashion. It is likely enough that the several colleges are at least as efficiently administered as ever they were. One of the last to be appointed is pre-eminent in Oxford for his common sense and business-like instincts and his election was certainly due to the general appreciation of these qualities. But the point at issue is whether the head of a great college should not be conspicuous for qualities other than administrative skill or even academic eminence. Even if all the things were true which Cambridge precisians have alleged against Jowett's scholarship, he would remain one of the "giants", and the best type of Masters. He had impressed the world. To have spoken with Jowett, even to have seen him, was in itself a passport through educated America; and "Have you once seen Jowett plain?" a common question of awed admiration. He was in the world, suggesting themes to Tennyson or bills to the Prime Minister. The wash of a wide fame brought accretions of anecdote which still cling fondly to his memory; and on the principle that association of ideas depends on intensity of interest the theme of Balliol suggested Jowett almost as certainly as Jowett Balliol. Nor was Jowett alone. Christchurch and Liddell were thus inseparable. The little etchings which Liddell, bored to extinction by college meetings, left scattered on his pad, are treasured and known half the world over: and in greater as in minuter details Dean Liddell was a great head in proportion to his superiority to college business. Mr. Brodrick's was almost as familiar a face in Printing House Square or Pall

Mall as in Merton. On the other hand recent opinion at Oxford and yet more distinctly at Cambridge would seem to be totally against this type of master. Mr. Bowman who succeeds Mr. Brodrick as master is one of the working staff; Dean Strong and Mr. Spooner were elected—we use the metaphor without prejudice to their qualities—as it were managers of the establishments in which they had been clerks. The one exception at Cambridge, the appointment of Canon Mason to Pembroke, was due to a deadlock among the Fellows and a peculiarity of the college connexion. In other colleges the head has remained after election a lecturer as the other lecturers, involved in all that vexation of hurry implied in attendance at morning chapel with a nine o'clock lecture to follow. A man, so busied and used to be so busied, can only, by the nature of his position and by his past, take his place, not as master but as first of the servants of the college. He may glory in the position, may quote with conviction his "*cui servire regnare*", but it is never again possible for him in the hurly-burly of his duties to win the dignity in the university and the fame outside it which belonged to Sir Henry Maine or Jowett. At first sight the election of Professor Caird to succeed Jowett was an attempt to find the figure-head. But in fact Professor Caird was even more academic in his experience and interests than the admirable college tutor to whom he was preferred; and has been less conspicuous for interest in the world outside than, for instance, the college tutor who, after much discussion of the point now at issue, was appointed to succeed Sir Henry Maine. The great heads of colleges in the past have not done their best service by playing the tutor. They have formed a link between the college, in which to the benefit of hero-worship they have inspired a certain awed admiration, and the world, in which they have moved and been reckoned as men of account. The deanery or the Master's house has been a centre on which have converged from a wide circumference the radiating thoughts of men of letters and affairs. Extrinsicly and intrinsicly the university has benefited from the wider scope of its leading spirits, much in the same way as in early days the name of Roger Bacon or Grosseteste drew to Oxford the eager attention of all conditions of scholars. It has always been the pride of the colleges, at Cambridge more distinctly than at Oxford, to appoint men from among their own fellows or their own University to the posts of distinction; but this insistence on the claims of one of the working staff to the highest promotion depends on a more disputable principle.

There is no dearth of men of distinction, in politics or administrative work, who would be twice-blessed in giving to their University the endowment of their name and knowledge of men. We must believe that the rejection of such claims, in preference to the worthy work done within the precincts of the college, has lessened both the due repute of the Universities and taken from them an influence not the less real for being inexpressible in terms of work. Can one find at Cambridge, outside Trinity, or at all at Oxford any head of a college who "holds a court" who brings the University in touch with London and what London represents? To take some chief colleges and to seek the chief claims of their Heads to "extramural" distinction. One is a minor poet; another lately competed unsuccessfully for a tutorship in a neighbouring college; another, a most admirable tutor and administrator, is proud to be mistaken for a colleague of the same name whose books deserve yet more affection than they have won; another has been associated with Mr. Chamberlain in his dislike of athletics; another is known as having enriched the language with a word. Just one—and he is of the older group, a beautiful type of the simplicity that belongs to true scholarship—has a reputation among scholars on the Continent. We do not suggest that each of these is at all unworthy or unrespected; but we quote the expressed conviction of one of the heads whom we have indicated, as well as state our own conviction, that the best head of a college is a man who has spent in other than academic spheres his first graduate days and will therefore by the natural force of his experience and interests and acquaintance

work consciously and unconsciously to prevent academic isolation and narrowness.

It may happen that one of the college lecturers may have in him the capacity to become what Jowett became; but his antecedents are against the development of the personality which we seek in the ideal Head. Men cannot shake off past absorption in routine; and the sense of camaraderie which procured their election is in itself a bar to personal supremacy. It is remarkable that the University (at Oxford but not at Cambridge) has lately gone far afield for its professors. Sir J. Burdon-Sanderson, Professor Gotch, Professor Townsend were neither Oxford men nor particularly associated with Oxford. Many Cambridge men have been elected to posts at Oxford, a compliment which has not been returned by Cambridge, so far as we remember, except in the case of Mandell Creighton. It is curious that this almost extravagant respect for superiority wherever it can be found should be coincident with the excessively bureaucratic tendency which has culminated in the appointment of Mr. Bowman, first elected for his excellence as a teacher of mathematics, to succeed Mr. Brodrick. In the coming years Oxford at any rate will be brought, whether for good or ill, into relation with a somewhat wider environment than at any time since the Middle Ages when "settling Hoti's business" was a passion. There is a noisy clamouring for more advanced research work, to suit those graduates who are collecting from places remoter, at least in sentiment, than the Antipodes. They are to have as their own private head Mr. Wylie, and we can imagine no better man for the position. His width of interest, enthusiasm and vigour are the proper qualities for the work. But the scholars are to be scattered among the colleges; and properly to carry out the wish that was in the mind of Rhodes Oxford should possess leaders who have national and imperial as well as academic influence. We sketched recently the qualities that should belong to the ideal Chancellor. How is it that the Universities do not realise how many of these qualities should also be sought in the ideal Head? Are we to suppose that the retrogressive tendency is the result of a generalisation from accidental exceptions in the history of Worcester and Balliol?

A JUDICIAL SELECTION.

LORD JUSTICE MATHEW.

ONE of the most recently appointed of the Lords Justices, Sir James Charles Mathew has been on the Judicial Bench longer than any of his colleagues; and with the exception of Mr. Justice Wills he is the eldest of the Judges of the Supreme Court. He thus almost reaches that bad eminence of being the doyen of the college which every judge of well-regulated mind should strenuously refuse to be; if at all events he has passed the fatal age of seventy; and James Charles Mathew was born in 1830. But we admit that in his case a better excuse can be given for him than for most of those who lag superfluous on the stage. As a matter of fact he does not in the invidious sense of this phrase. He had been on the Bench twenty years in 1901 when he was made a Lord Justice; and any time during that period he had admittedly had a right to higher legal promotion than his office of puisne Judge. When the Lord Justice-ship was at length offered to him in 1901, owing to a severe fit of repentance in Lord Halsbury and a desire to atone as far as possible for certain previous indefensible judicial appointments, it would have required pre-eminent virtue to refuse it. Lord Justice Mathew showed that he is not a perfectly ideal Judge by the simple fact that he accepted it, though he was trembling on the verge of seventy; and therefore made himself particeps criminis with Lord Halsbury. Of course he ought to have said: No! I have overearned my pension by more than five years. On abstract principles he was wrong; but he has spent the rest of the time in justifying his appointment and displaying his capacity to fulfil its duties as well as he might have performed them some years earlier. All we can say is

that there are exceptions to every rule; but Lord Halsbury and Lord Justice Mathew together were tempting Providence; and the chances were against the experiment turning out successful. In a particularly sleepy case heard a day or two ago by the Court of Appeal we noticed that though there was every inducement to slumber, Lord Justice Mathew was at least as wide awake as his two younger brethren. So far also the garrulity and testiness of age are in abeyance; and perhaps they as yet only raise their heads above the surface when summoned say by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams' oddities and peculiarities.

For a recognised wit and humourist it must be confessed that Lord Justice Mathew has exercised his talents with admirable discretion. Either his art conceals art or he is in truth a natural improvisatore. His judicial *jeux d'esprit* have the air of the impromptu and do not appear, as in Mr. Justice Darling's case, who cannot be denied smartness, to have been carefully incubated and sent into the world with feathers artificially curled. As thus: A plaintiff objects to be described with purposeful iteration by counsel as a "money-lender". He protests that he is something besides that. For instance inquires the Judge. "Well—I'm a dealer in—er—birds." Pigeons? asks the Judge. But unfortunately it is one of the duties of a witty Judge to repress his gifts; for in the Courts it is even more sophistical and dangerously fallacious to answer arguments by wit, or extinguish a plea by humour, than it is in society. A witticism is often felt to be unfair; and unfairness is a Judge's worst vice. On the Bench it may be an indication of a premature opinion; and the ordinary gravity and solemnity of the plain slow-witted man must be cultivated by the Judge or he will aggrieve and disgust the litigant. Thus it must be confessed that while Lord Justice Mathew had acquired such a reputation for wit and humour whilst at the Bar that it was hoped he would not try to live up to it, there would be a difficulty in making a collection of his witty sayings which would appear to justify it. They are not literary. He has not cultivated literary form as Lord Bowen did or as Mr. Justice Darling does. His wit and humour are rather modes of shrewdness: but if they are not more literary than his judgments themselves, they inform the latter with that sanity and appreciation of the truth and relative importance of things which are often hid from the very stolid person, however capacious a head he may have for facts and figures. There is only one reason for making a contrast between him and a Judge like Mr. Justice Grantham; for it would be no use saying that he is not like him in loquacity, or in this or that quality. This reason is that Lord Justice Mathew is a Roman Catholic, and that it is a relevant criticism of the English Bench to point out that it is only a Protestant Judge, Mr. Justice Grantham, who has committed *bêtises* in respect of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in the cases tried by them. It would hardly have occurred to any Roman Catholic Judge, Mr. Justice Day for example, or Lord Justice Mathew, or Mr. Justice Walton, who succeeded him, to boast in public that they were about to decide fairly although the parties were Protestants.

One of the chief events in Lord Justice Mathew's judicial career was his acting as chairman of the Evicted Tenants Commission in Dublin in 1892. It is now remembered for the scenes which occurred at its early sittings between himself and Mr. Carson, now the Solicitor-General, then at the Irish Bar, and Mr. Kenny, also one of the leaders of that Bar. He refused to allow the proceedings to be conducted with the usual forms of procedure and under the ordinary laws of evidence of the Courts. We pass the question whether he was right or wrong; but the objection taken at the time was that Judges should not be employed on extra-judicial duties which bring them into contact with politics. That was the opinion of the profession; and it is a view which as is well known influenced the Judges when they protested against being employed on election petitions. Since Mr. Justice Mathew went to Ireland the practice has grown however; and we have become so accustomed to it that the objection now rather takes the form that

it is an undue demand made on the Judicial Bench when they are taken away from their ordinary duties. The cause of arrears has been set down in considerable extent to the depletion of an undermanned Bench, if it is undermanned, for extra-judicial purposes. The protest is made every time this happens. It was made when Lord Alverstone was appointed on the Alaska Commission; and surely if there ever were a case when the two combined elements of objection culminated as they did then it was in that unfortunate instance. Lord Alverstone was the occasion of trouble between Great Britain and Canada, the full consequences of which cannot have been exhausted yet; and we may be reminded of them, at least in the legal sphere, again if Lord Alverstone should ever in the course of his career come to sit in the Appeal Court of the Empire. At any rate Mr. Justice Mathew never sat again extra-judicially: and perhaps the unfortunate incident had something to do with deferring his rise to the Court of Appeal.

Yet it has not been in the Appeal Court that he has obtained his greatest judicial reputation; and, referring to the question of age again, it was not to be expected that he would when he did not reach it until he was seventy years of age. By a piece of good fortune six years before, in 1895, he rendered valuable service to the profession and to the public, and was enabled to associate his name with the administration of law in a more specific manner than judges, however able, have generally the opportunity of doing since the high and palmy days of law have passed. The Commercial Court was established in that year, and through it Mr. Justice Mathew achieved several things of importance. By the force of his personality he reformed the rules of procedure in commercial cases. He did this by inducing litigants to disregard those which were made for their guidance in the dreadful White Books. He taught them that they were rules more honoured in the breach than the observance. If he had been entrusted as dictator with similar powers to transform the other Courts, we might now have a reasonable system of procedure. He prevented the commercial business, which was passing into the hands of tribunals of arbitration, from leaving the Courts; and the rage for arbitration has died out. The great lesson taught by Lord Justice Mathew is that any person or commission with a free hand, acting merely with knowledge and the desire to reform legal things without ulterior motives, might do as much for the legal system in general as he did particularly in founding the procedure of the Commercial Court.

A GOOD MANNER.

MANNER is the thing that matters in a man. Manners, as a rule, we discount, if we are wise, recognising that they are of the nature of "parlour tricks" which can be taught to anyone who possesses aptitude. Manners mean nothing. Manner means everything. It is a man's individuality asserting itself through all the cast-iron rules and conventionalities that hedge him in. It is the sum total of the effect produced by all those little peculiarities of gesture, intonation, and the-like, which give us the secret of life-like expression. Only the roughness of the eye makes any two people or situations seem alike. Some men, it is true, have no individualities worth consideration. They are mere dummies tricked out in second-hand garments. Manners they may have but they cannot possess manner. The poseur, too, who deliberately sets himself to acquire a manner gains only for his pains mannerisms which pass muster with none but the ignorant. Not that, indeed, ignorance in these matters is shown where it might perhaps be expected. Who, for instance, is quicker to detect the "boulder" aping the manner of gentlemen than your rough working-man? With what unerring accuracy does he discriminate, although he cannot explain, that so subtle distinction which makes all the difference. Among the lower classes, as we call them, it is by no means rare to find a good manner in men who boast no sort of manners. For the essence of a good manner lies in an absolute simplicity of aim, and this is only to

be found in those who have no need or desire to emphasise their exact position in the social scale. The wish to be thought richer, poorer, better, grander—in fact in any way other than a man is—introduces at once a note of vulgarity. Vulgar people cannot have a good manner. They are never simple in their aim. They cannot speak to one person without desiring at the same time to attract the attention of another. Hence that uneasy production, that mincing accent which gives to their voices a peculiarly false sound. The good manner exacts while it yields respect. Many miss it by that one unnecessary degree of "empressment" which betokens that civility has an added value for them, because for some reason they no longer always receive it. Far wider of the mark is that intense earnestness of the second-rate nature, that unfortunate method which some people possess of handling a subject so that everything they say is almost as wearisome to themselves as to those who have the misfortune to listen to it. They have never weighed themselves in the delicate balance of the comic idea so as to obtain a suspicion of the rights and dues of the world. The "good bedside manner" of the doctor—that theatrical calm and preposterous smile which he assumes in the presence of danger—must be disqualified, as must also that blend of father confessor and genial Rothschild which characterises the family lawyer.

It is sometimes said in praise of a man that his manner is the same in addressing a duchess or a dairymaid. This is not really praiseworthy. What would be exquisite courtliness in one case would be but exaggerated courtesy in the other. What would please the duchess would embarrass the dairymaid—this of course, assuming, what it is not always safe to assume in real life, that both are types of their different orders. A sense of the fitting, then, is a necessary factor of the good manner. It will avoid any undue emphasis as the plague and will exhibit a complete correspondence to its environment. The possessor of the manner indicated will not be for ever busying himself about what others think or say. Secure in his self-knowledge, and setting for himself a higher standard than he imposes upon others, he greets no man with suspicion or disapproval. He predisposes everyone in his favour. In his intercourse with his fellows he reaches at one bound a point to which others can attain only after long and painful effort. He kindles the glow of self-respect in those whom he addresses and thaws thoughts in them that are generally cold and frost-bound. He is the saviour of the awkward situation.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.*

FOUNDED 1584. HEADMASTER, DR. SELWYN :
APPOINTED 1888.

IT is no discredit to Dr. Selwyn, the present Headmaster of Uppingham, to say that in the educational world of to-day Uppingham stands for and represents Thring: Thring's ideals and principles are embodied in the school, and it is these which give to Uppingham her distinctive place among the schools of the country. The history of Thring's work at Uppingham is the history of an interesting battle against very long odds, a battle which ended eventually in complete victory for Thring: but it is something much more than that, it is a history of the realisation in live concrete working of certain very cut-and-dried notions; Thring's ideas from the first were made to mould the facts, and not the facts the ideas: Thring determined to work out his *a priori* notions to success or to die in the attempt. "Among my papers", he declared later in life, "I can show you the sketch, almost in detail, of everything I proposed to do, and which you now see here, just as I made it in the very first years of my mastership". It was in 1853 that Thring was appointed to the

small grammar school in the Midlands, and he characteristically declared to a friend on the day of his appointment, knowing what the school then was, and knowing what his own ideals were, "I think I have found my life-work to-day": and in that life-work, conducted to most successful realisation, he died thirty-four years later. The school was at that time a grammar school of the ordinary type: founded in 1584 by Robert Johnson, Archdeacon of Leicester, by "God's grace", as "a fair, free grammar school", such it had remained: a hospital was attached and both were governed by a trust administering an exactly parallel grammar school and hospital at Oakham hard by, in fact only six miles distant.

Rivalry was inevitable between the two schools, and it was proverbial in the county that when one was up the other was down: and the squires and clergy who formed the governors, drawn about equally from the respective localities, jealously watched any preference to one school over the other. It was under a body so unfortunately constituted that Thring, with his passionate energy and idealism, was condemned to serve, and against their almost open obstruction he never ceased to chafe. The notes of Thring's life, and the hallmarks he stamped on his school, were first of all a deep religious conviction: education was to him a very special Divine work. Thring, it was said, was the truest Christian of his generation. From that fact sprang one of the most fundamental of his educational postulates—that education, the work of the master, was as much a debt owed to the dull boy as to the clever one. He accepted as an established fact the curious feature in English social life that "Englishmen of the upper classes send away their children from home to be educated by strangers; no theory which does not distinctly recognise this fact to begin with is of any value in England". Local schools such as exist on the Continent have been thrust out by the great boarding schools: mental education alone cannot be the reason of that, for that can be as efficient in the day school as in the boarding school: the object of this expatriation must be to secure a general training better than in the home, and if so, every boy has a right to share in this, the dullard as well as the prodigy. This again had to be carried a step further: and Thring did not shrink from the logical application of his ideas. Classes in the middle of last century were very large at most schools, numbering as many as fifty or sixty: this inevitably meant attention for none but the cleverest, and anxiety to be rid of unpromising subjects. To the objection that schoolmasters could not be adequately paid unless classes were overcrowded, Thring's answer was instant, either the parents must pay more, or they must be told the schools could not do the work. And if boys received individual attention in class, they must receive the same in the house life—that life which was to be better than home. The great barrack system might be lucrative to the headmaster but was death to the boy: and it offered no inducement to subordinate masters either to influence the boys' lives or to stay on in the school: twenty to twenty-five was sufficient for any class, thirty for a boarding house:—"With thirty boys a master and his wife were not overmatched by numbers, could make their houses home-like and could know intimately, and therefore influence, the individual boy". And finally the numbers of the school itself should not exceed 400: up to that number the head can know every boy in the school, beyond that he cannot and the moment he ceases to know everybody, he ceases to be headmaster.

Starting with this well-reasoned scheme, various results of a character, novel then, not beyond the region of controversy now, followed. Contrary to the practice at Marlborough, Rossall and elsewhere, where, as we have noticed in previous articles, the elimination of the boarding-house master's profit has spelt great advantage and prosperity to the school funds, Thring boldly and openly relied on the boarding-house system, the necessity of giving each master after a few years a permanent stake in the school and securing the permanent services of the best men. Inside the boarding house, his reverence for the individual boy, whether overbearing or sensitive, impelled him to secure for such not only a separate cubicle in the dormitories but

* For many of the facts in this article acknowledgment is made to 'Thring's Life' by G. R. Parkin.

also a small separate study. He knew how the public-school life may crush a sensitive nature.

Thring started on his brave voyage of realisation with one assistant master, twenty-five boys, one boarding house and one insufficient classroom. How Thring changed all this, how he embarked his personal fortunes in the school, how he with an enthusiast's magnetism persuaded good men and true to join and embark their fortunes too in building boarding houses, how all this extension was viewed with grim suspicion by the governors who could not understand why Uppingham should be anything more than it always had been, a decent little local grammar school, on a par with Oakham, all that is told like a romance in his *Life*: we have not space to reproduce it here: in spite of all difficulties success followed almost at once: and in five years' time the numbers had risen to 200: and from then success was assured, so assured that even the governors had to admit it. "Every boy can do something well" the great headmaster used to say, and every boy was cared for, and his development considered. Games formed a strong part of Thring's system: and it is interesting to notice that he was one of the first to insist on the importance of music in school life. It was not surprising that English parents quickly realised the advantages of a school framed on such principles and with such attention to detail. The school now numbers 440, a number slightly in excess of the original conception. Situated in the small market town of the name, in the open agricultural district of Rutland, at a considerable elevation above the sea, it has many advantages of position: the central buildings are satisfactory, if not quite imposing, and the presence up and down the small town and on the hills round of the thirteen fair-sized comfortable-looking boarding houses gives an impression of quiet homeliness which exactly squares with the Thring ideal. Developments have all been along the same line of careful individual attention and training. Uppingham claims to be the first school to have started a "gym", and rifle-shooting and military drill, the latter throughout the school and apart from the rifle corps. It also claims the honour of the first school mission.

There is no modern side in the school. Dr. Selwyn is too convinced a classicist for that, but the option to drop Greek in favour of German or Science is given to boys well up in the school: and the school is redistributed in blocks for mathematics: this system of re-grouping in blocks is regarded as important so that while opportunity is given for boys of the same capacity to work together, yet the redistribution only takes place among boys of about the same age and status in the school. The two most interesting modern features of the school are the David music-room in memory of the life-work of the music master of that name, who has really shown how it is possible to infuse musical enthusiasm into boys at school by work out of school hours: and the rifle corps; this is very much alive and should long continue to show its present vitality thanks to the intelligent action of the governing body in allowing one of the masters, always a keen volunteer, to serve for a long period in South Africa. His influence in securing real work and military methods in the Uppingham corps should be of the greatest service to the school for many a year to come, and make the school corps a pattern to other and larger schools.

BERLIOZ AGAIN.

THE amount of music Berlioz wrote was enormous; now that he has been dead some time—much longer than Wagner—the amount played might be thought surprising. Even in France, his home and the country for which he wrote, comparatively little of it is given. How often "The Trojans" was given at the Grand Opera I cannot say—once was enough for me—but certainly not many times. On the programmes of the *Lamoureux* and *Colonne* concerts he cuts scarcely a bigger figure than he does on the Queen's Hall programmes. Mottl tried a Berlioz festival, but so far as I know the experiment has not been repeated.

Well, some great men have had to wait centuries for their fame; some have not yet gained it; the earth may be cold before some get it. Yet it seems strange that Berlioz, of all men, should not yet have taken possession of his heritage. He was all for colour; and the populace of to-day is all for colour. Wagner and Tchaikowsky draw huge crowds to-day for little other reason (I firmly believe) than because their music is full of colour. What was there lacking in Berlioz, with all his colour, that people do not rush to hear him?

Sir Hubert Parry hit the right nail on the head when he somewhere and somewhere remarked that Berlioz was more excited by the thought of what could be done with music than by music itself. Effects, effects, effects—his whole thought was taken up by effects. Colour, in the widest sense of the word, he certainly achieved; colour, in the narrower sense of the word, beautiful, rich, gorgeous colour is quite another matter. Colour, in this its best sense, he sometimes pulled off, but more by accident than design. That his colour should be lovely was by no means always his first thought: on the contrary, it was generally his last. His colour might be beautiful, it might be ugly: it had at all costs to be new, effective, and if possible startling. Here we find at once an excellent reason for the indifference of the public. What delights once may delight many times (how often we can listen to a Mozart symphony or the Fire-music of Wagner!); but the thing that startles us once startles never again. The noises in the "Ride to Hell", noises truly infernal, may interest us once; but who wishes to gloat over them? If I may do the forbidden thing and for once give my own experience, I may say that although a musician as much interested in the technical side of music as any man breathing, I have not the faintest desire to hear the "Ride to Hell" again. A political orator on the stump may address three dogs and a small boy as "Fellow-citizens" in a voice of thunder; but no one will swerve from the path of humdrum everyday labour to hear him for all his noisy platitudes. Had he twenty chiefs from the Cannibal Islands producing strange squeals from uncouth instruments, only the long-eared would listen. In music as in speech-making we demand one or both of two things, substance in the thing said and (or) a charming manner of saying it. To take two extremes, Wagner had the substance, Mendelssohn the manner. To-day we listen to the "Dusk of the Gods" and to the "Hebrides" overture with equal pleasure; and Berlioz we disregard altogether.

That is to say he had neither a great deal to say nor an especially inviting way of saying it. It may be said that this is by way of being rather a wholesale condemnation. That is so; and it is the gist of my criticism of Berlioz the musician. He is not a musician to be lightly dismissed in a few words—so much I admitted last week. But, to use the ancient phrase, what is new in his music is not beautiful and what is beautiful is not new. Wagner spoke of the men on whom was laid the curse of a thirst of the new; but Wagner's new was a very different thing from the new of Berlioz. By the new Wagner meant the something new to express, the new something which lashed and urged him on to find a new mode of expression—in short, a new substance which required to be cast in a new mould. Berlioz meant nothing of the sort, intended nothing of the sort in his music. Out of the idea of the Valkyries flying away from a bloody battle-field in a storm, each with a dead warrior,—out of this grew the *Ride of the Valkyries*. But it is hard to believe that the "Ride to Hell" or the chorus of the damned in the "Faust" of Berlioz grew out of any idea essential to the drama: these things, depend upon it, were written like the Queen Mab scherzo, because he felt that here were opportunities for his dear effects. Really great music was never written in this way: one might as well attempt to build a noble cathedral for the sake of the outside decorations and the frescoes on the walls inside. There was never yet a great work without a great underlying idea—not necessarily an idea which can be expressed in words, for only a great master of words can do that, but an idea which can be felt and understood as easily as you can feel a stone wall with your

hands. If anyone tells me there is no great idea in Shakespeare's "Tempest", in Beethoven's Fifth symphony, I wish him joy of his discovery and recommend him to take shelter in the nearest mad-house. And let no one remark that there is no great idea in the smaller work, say, of Herrick or even of Robbie Burns the Scotchman: I am speaking of big work only. Berlioz, excited by the thought of what could be done in music, of the effects that could be got, attempted huge lumbering structures that had no base to rest on. So for a double reason he is left alone to-day with the forgotten dead. In the first place his colour is not colour in the finest sense; in the second, there is little in his work to attract those to whom colour is an accessory—an indispensable accessory perhaps—but not the main thing. As colourists Wagner and Tchaikowsky went far beyond him; in the matter of idea they both leave him nowhere.

Let us for a moment glance at the intellectual ideas on which he built. This is perfectly fair to him, for he wrote scarcely anything which is not avowedly based on an intellectual idea. Take his "Symphonie Fantastique". Did ever composer dream to work out a splendid piece of art from a more brainless programme? Richard Strauss himself hardly goes further than his master, his spiritual beaupère. Thunder storms in Italy, heads dropping off under the gentle persuasion of the guillotine—here be fine themes for musical illustration. The thing begun with these has ended appropriately enough with Richard Strauss and his bleating of sheep. Let us turn to the "Damnation". Here we find neither the honest old legend with its pantomime and melodrama nor the feeble philosophical version of Goethe. It was from Goethe that Berlioz drew his first inspiration, but for any sign of that inspiration one looks in vain in the work itself. Goethe had a high purpose, and "Faust" is not without its notable things. In the "Damnation" nearly everything of value is left out or debased—the ugly, the sordid, the loathsome, prevail. If we turn to the "Trojans" we find there simply no drama at all. Berlioz had not the dramatic instinct, and only used the dramatic form because it afforded him opportunities of introducing instrumental effects. And so we might examine all his works: we should always find no idea at all or a bad one or a noble one corrupted to the point of stinking. Berlioz lived in the Byronic period when very young men wore very black beards, had pale faces, lustrous eyes and a secret sorrow gnawing at their hearts. But while the best men of the time found a release from the dull glare of everyday life in wild scenes of storm and stress, Berlioz went straight to all that was ultra-common and ignoble. He was a quaint unloveable paradox—a force and enthusiasm that might have been consecrated to the finest ends he deliberately applied to the perpetration of the preposterous, absurd, ugly and hateful. And his children are worthy of him with their burlesque unmusical "Heldenleben" and the rest. These things are admired by people who lack feeling for what is fine in idea and have just a sufficient smattering of musical knowledge to understand that a score in forty parts takes a deal of writing. They think it a wonderful artistic feat to give the bass to the tubas while the double-basses disport themselves merrily on the upper ledger lines of the alto clef.

When we consider the music itself of the works of Berlioz we discover that it has neither pure æsthetic beauty nor strength nor any expressiveness. Hand on heart I declare that I do not know one lovely melody, one gorgeous piece of harmony, one really powerful, sinewy theme. Take any theme of Beethoven and play it on the piano—you at once feel its force and character. It has not the irresistible strength it has when delivered on the instrument for which it was intended; but at all events there is something there. Try any passage of Berlioz and you find scarcely anything. The intrinsic stuff of the music is weak, characterless, incoherent; and it is odd that its poverty is made not less but more evident when it is played on its proper instrument. His solitary melody heard on the cor anglais in the fields at eventide—at a first hearing it does give you a picture of a grey sky, a sense of utter loneliness; but the second time, alas! all that is gone: there is nothing but a string of notes that is not a melody and means

nothing at all. In such things Berlioz was not painting from nature: he was doing photographic work with a cheap camera and inferior lens. The magical effect of the violin harmonies in the Queen Mab scherzo would, I am certain, disappear if we heard it a few times. I insist that the music itself is wrong. Berlioz had Weber behind him with "Freischütz", "Euryanthe" and "Oberon", he had all the mighty works of Beethoven, he was a passionate admirer of Gluck; but he learnt from none of them that no amount of bizarre effects will compensate for lack of invention, of devotion to truthful expression of something felt. His music is akin to the prose of those writers whose language is slack and fibreless, pointless, wanting in force and pungency—writers who do not feel what is missing in their work and think an occasional far-fetched word gives it "style". He remains a warning to all young writers of symphonic poems and music-dramas in one hundred and fifty-seven acts. In music as in the other arts artistic success is out of the question unless you have something to say and relentlessly set to work to say it as truthfully, precisely, as possible, and at the same time as beautifully as possible. JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

CONTEMPT FOR IDEAS.

ENGLISHMEN have often been taunted, not unjustly taunted, with a certain density of mind. They are not quick, not keen. They are incurious. You may take them down to the water of ideas, but they will not, except in special circumstances, drink. Nobody, since Mr. Matthew Arnold, has supposed that their habit can be reformed. But is it a habit on which we ought to felicitate them?

I am a constant reader of this REVIEW. Every Saturday morning I read it all, skipping only two columns or so whose contents I know already. Mr. Abraham Hayward, dining out, was on one occasion reduced to silence by a lady who punctuated his every sentence with "True! Oh, how very true that is!" Similarly, if this REVIEW had ears it might withdraw itself from circulation, for I murmur always, in reading it, from first to last, that lady's refrain. The other day, a sudden exception came. My lips refused to form the customary words. How could I echo a felicitation offered to Englishmen on their density? Yet there it was, offered without a blush, in this of all unlikely places. Let me use a leisure hour in dissent. I shall be committing no breach of etiquette. I take it that my Editor, though he deems me worthy of a free hand to deal with the subject of drama, does not necessarily accept as an expression of his own views everything that I write. Likewise, I am not bound to acquiesce in everything that is written in the strictly editorial columns. And the point, the one and only point, from which I have dissented may well be raised, in this off-moment, for any light thrown on it is thrown also on the general questions why Englishmen are so irreceptive of ideas, and to what extent their irreceptivity is dangerous.

After quoting a fine and profound thing said by the late Lord Salisbury, "we must always acknowledge", declared this REVIEW, "that in such sayings it is a sense of the greatness of the speaker that brings home so surely their force to us. . . . What must always tell is not so much the wise word, or the form in which it is put, but the man who says it". So far, I was able to cry "True! Oh, how very true that is!" as usual. It is not in human nature to dissociate a saying from its sayer. In every clime, in all ages, the words that carry most weight are the words of the weightiest men. In some climes, however, and in some ages, a certain amount of attention is paid to words that have nothing to recommend them except their own intrinsic value. Ideas do sometimes, and somewhere, get judged more or less on their own merits. Intelligent races do exist now and again. In England, however, there is not at this moment an off-chance for ideas as ideas. We do listen to the ideas formulated by men whom we respect for their force of character and their

achievements. We are very ardent hero-worshippers. We are, moreover, very ardent snobs. And we will listen, rapt, to any idea formulated by a man who has high rank or great riches. If a King says that tuberculosis is a scourge, or if a millionaire says that Shakespeare is the chief glory of our literature, we turn the saying over in our minds, and come gradually, gratefully, to the conclusion that it is a true saying. If an Archbishop says that S. Paul was a very remarkable man, or if a Field Marshal says as much for Napoleon, we are all attention and conviction. Even more eager are we to sit at the feet of the Field Marshal who ventures into biblical criticism, or of the Archbishop who has something to say about War-Office reform; for such utterances slake our press-raised thirst for sensationalism. No matter that neither the one dignitary nor the other shall happen to know anything outside his own business. The fact that he is not minding his own business is a spur to our attention. No matter that neither of them shall have been a great achiever even in his own business. Both occupy illustrious positions. That is enough for us, so snobbish are we. Our hero-worship is less dangerous to our intellects. We have not a bad instinct for force of character, and we know great achievements when we see them. Power for action is by no means a sure gauge of power for thought, and it is rarely coupled with power for the right expression of thought. But we may assume, roughly, that the average hero has messages that will profit us, and that a message from him is, a priori, likelier to be profitable than a message from a gentleman who is no hero. So far let us go. But not so far as to assume that no gentleman who is no hero deserves of us a moment's audience. Many such gentlemen are capable of good ideas. "There are", admitted this REVIEW, "many brilliant intellectual 'light weights' who could say as good things as these of Lord Salisbury. But", and here comes the cloven hoof from which I recoiled in horror, "rightly, nobody would pay much attention to them. . . . Otherwise Mr. Bowles and Mr. Lloyd George might be regarded to-day by the public quite as seers". Pray, why should they not be regarded as seers? Merely because they are not doers? That, surely, is not the reason; for in that way the vast majority of the world's poets, prophets and philosophers would be ruled out of our consideration. The real reason is identical with the reason why one, at least, of those two "light weights" is not a doer as well as a seer. Mr. Bowles is known to be a man with a strong hold on certain (right or wrong) principles, and with a strong hold on innumerable facts whose rightness none can impugn. He has the keenness and industry of a born administrator. Why has he never been allowed to administer anything? Partly, no doubt, by reason of his disrespect for persons on his own side of the House; but much more because nobody—nobody, even, who admits his very solid qualifications—takes him seriously. And why does nobody so take him? Because he is, by the way, a wit. Nowhere outside the House, except perhaps in the Law Courts, would he seem to be a wit of a very high order. But that is not the point. The point is that Mr. Bowles does, from time to time, make jokes. Some men never do anything else. Away with them, by all means! To the "funny man" there is always one insuperable objection: he is not funny. Wit needs a setting of seriousness. Only against a serious background can it "tell". We can all discriminate a wit from a "funny man". Yet, oddly enough, we mete out to each the same treatment. Mr. Bowles is left to languish on the back benches. Mr. Bernard Shaw, prouder, shakes from his shoes the dust of the Marylebone Vestry Room. Mr. — but why multiply the obvious instances of practical ability and sound wisdom sterilised by our old confusion of the terms "fool" and "jester"? Sometimes the best of jesters makes a sorry joke. But we laugh not the less heartily. Sometimes the gravest of dullards happens to say a humorous thing. But if we receive in stony silence. "Rightly"? This REVIEW shakes its head. It shrinks from the logical conclusion to its own premiss that we "rightly" judge an idea not as in itself it is, but in relation to its immediate source.

Another logical conclusion to that premiss is that we should "rightly" involve ourselves in no small waste of time and even in no small mischief. For it is quite certain that even the wisest of impressive heroes is apt to propound a silly or a dangerous idea. Are we not to dismiss the silliness, are we to dally with the danger, merely because it emanates from an impressive hero? However, I will not press the point. The evil that comes of our hero-worship is not so much that we treat as sense our heroes' occasional nonsense, but that we neglect the vast amount of sense "flying about" from lips obscure. Take the case of fiscal reform. Either Protection would be good for England, or it would be bad. Not having studied the question on my own account, and being, as I have said, generally assentient to everything in this REVIEW, I assert stoutly that Protection would be good for England. If it would be good now, it would have been so during the past years. But it is not a new idea, suddenly sprung on us. Certain Tories have been preaching the idea, without intermission, since and before my childhood. They are not "light weights". But nobody paid "much attention to them". Everyone was bored by them, and called them "fossils". Comes an impressive hero, to preach the old idea, and lo! the whole nation puts on its thinking cap. But how much more prosperous might the nation be if it had listened to those others! How many precious years have been lost, "rightly"!

Oddly enough, the habit of gauging ideas by the worth of their propounder has lately been gibbeted by Mr. Chamberlain himself. Somewhere in public, the other day, referring to the attacks of his opponents, he said "Take it for granted that I who stand before you am the worst of men. And then, forthwith, consider my proposals. The value of a proposal depends not at all on the character of the man who makes it". I quote from memory. The manner was probably more oratorical. But literary form comes not amiss to the one truly philosophic utterance of which Mr. Chamberlain (so far as I remember) was ever guilty. Philosophic, the utterance is accordingly unpractical. We cannot cure the nation of its indifference to ideas as ideas. But an evil that cannot be cured in practice need not be condoned in theory. Still less need it be lauded.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CITY.

INCALCULABLE are the ways of the Stock Exchange. Every intelligent person, interested in the Kaffir market, has known for weeks what the findings of the South African Labour Commission would be. The professionals went about saying that the report had been discounted, and that its publication would have no effect on prices. All these experts and wisecracks seem to have been mistaken. The publication of a summary of the report in Monday's newspapers did have a rather marked effect upon the prices, which all moved easily and steadily upwards. And yet the report does not even recommend Chinese labour, but merely asserts what everybody knew "ad nauseam", that there was not enough labour in Africa for the mines. It is apparently assumed that Lord Milner and Mr. Lyttelton will agree upon a measure regulating the importation of Chinese, and that the Legislative Council of the Transvaal will pass it. We think both assumptions will be verified by the event: but even so we cannot see why there should be anything like a boom in Kaffirs. The first or experimental batch of one thousand Chinese cannot be on the Rand much before March, and it will certainly be next autumn before any impression is made on the monthly returns. But the public seems determined to take time by the forelock this time, and to be before the big houses, who, as everybody knows, neither expected nor desired a boom. What justification, for instance, is there for a rise of over £1 in Rand Mines? The magnates think the time for a boom is when the output is increased, but they cannot rein in the outsiders. We have pointed out, in our article on the report of the Commission in another column, what an enormous development is contemplated by alien labour; but we cannot

help thinking the bulls have been a little "previous", and those who are not in too great a hurry to get in will not regret it. We do not wish to damp the spirits of the House, and we are sincerely glad that the spell has been broken. But half-speed ahead! is our word.

In the American railway market the old see-saw game is kept up by the professionals, and it is unlikely that there will be any movement of the slightest interest till next year. Our own Home rails are a stagnant sticky market too, though if it really be the case that after 1 January the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American steamers are going to make Dover their port of call instead of Southampton, we cannot understand why the junior securities of the Chatham Company do not improve. We should have thought, for instance, that Chatham Second Preference at 55 were a good speculative purchase. The strength of Argentine rails, a market to which we have so often called attention, has been pronounced, the feature being the rise of Rosario deferred to 80, they being at 61 a few weeks back. We do not know why Rosario Consolidated, which are at 89, do not go to par, as their financial year ends in a month, and their 5 per cent. dividend is long ago assured. When it comes to competing for the eye of the public Westralians are never in it with Kaffirs: but the backers of Westralians though select are enthusiastic, and Oroya Brownhills have mounted to over 4, a figure which they fully deserve by their prospects of earning 40 per cent. They are however now at their right price. Is it, can it be, possible, that in the general outburst of sunshine, a ray of light is about to penetrate the gloomy recesses of the Jungle? One might really think so, for Gold Coast Amalgamated have risen £1 to 4½ and Wassaus have actually risen a sixteenth!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST, THE ACADEMY, AND MR. SPIELMANN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Carlton Club, 14 November, 1903.

SIR,—For some time past the attention of the world of art has been centred on the controversy now in progress with regard to the administration of the Chantrey Bequest, and the increasing interest which is thereby aroused must be my excuse for asking you to allow me to make a few suggestions on the subject.

In view of the fact that up to now the administrators of the Bequest have made no reply to their critics, perhaps I am wrong in making use of the word controversy at all in respect of this one-sided battle. It is rather a case of "ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum"; "if that's a fight indeed, where you strike hard, and I stand still and bleed". As I observe that the one vicarious apologist for the Trustees has endeavoured to make out that the attacks emanate from some interested clique, may I say at once that I hold no brief for either side? I am merely a spectator, interested only because I have all my life been a student of art, and an admirer of all that I believe to be beautiful.

Since the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest refuse to defend themselves, may I venture, in the interests of fair play, to say a few words to defend them from the charge that has been put forward, at least by implication, that they have not acted with bona fides in administering their trust in so far that they have expended the money at their disposal in purchasing pictures painted by themselves or their friends, and that these pictures were, from an artistic point of view, by no means the best obtainable. Let us keep an open mind. I, in common with the majority of the educated portion of the human race, believe that the works of Pheidias, Praxiteles, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Turner, Gainsborough and Reynolds represent in their several spheres of art the loftiest attitude to which the human mind has ever been permitted to soar. But then we may be quite wrong. From the point of view of the administrators of the Chantrey Bequest the foregoing are probably a very

inferior class of artists, since they have never shown any desire to study their work, much less to attempt to follow in their footsteps. Let us keep an open mind. Beauty we are told lies in the eye of the beholder, and for anything that can be proved to the contrary, Michael Angelo's "Moses" may be a vastly inferior work to the inebriated angel badly balanced on one foot on the summit of a diminishing pile of homely basins, which adorns one of the principal thoroughfares of London.

It is all a matter of taste and education. My contention is that it is unfair to accuse the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest of "mala fides" for buying their own pictures merely because these pictures are in the estimation of the majority of connoisseurs and students of art vastly inferior to pictures of the old school. The Trustees, painters by profession themselves, are impaled by the testator on the horns of a very serious dilemma. By the terms of the Bequest they are enjoined to buy the best pictures, old or new, painted in Great Britain. They must therefore either buy their own pictures or buy those of a bygone school, and by so doing admit the decadence of modern painting; in short commit professional suicide. It is conceivable of course that a body of men could be found so dishonest as to buy their own work when they believed that the work of other artists was better, and this is the gravamen of the charge now brought against the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. Apart from the fact that they are honourable men, the tenour of whose lives forbids any such supposition, I myself do not for a moment believe it to be true, and for this reason. It is impossible to suppose that any painter who really believed that the old school were true and great artists could be content year after year to sign his name to a series of productions such as are annually exhibited at the Royal Academy, all of which are in violent contrast to the methods pursued and the principles prescribed by the earlier masters, and most of which bear ample evidence that their creators have never seriously studied the most elementary principles of art as expounded by their famous predecessors. To accuse these men of dishonesty is absurd. Their whole lives are apparently given up to a conscientious and industrious effort to prove that their predecessors, hitherto reckoned by the universal consensus of the world's opinion as being its greatest painters, were nothing of the kind.

The fault to my mind lies in the manner of Chantrey's Bequest. His knowledge of human nature must have been very defective if he supposed that a body of men ever existed, or were ever likely to exist, who would be prepared to admit that individually and collectively they were inferior in their profession to their predecessors. And yet if the Bequest were administered according to the obvious intention of the Trustees, this is precisely what the masters are called upon to do, according to the view of nearly everyone except themselves. Let us keep an open mind however, and let us try to believe that the Trustees may buy each other's pictures and yet be convinced that by so doing they are carrying out the wishes of the testator, and promoting the best interests of painting. But in view of the proposition that the function of pictures is to elevate the public taste, and to give the greatest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number, let us see if something cannot be done to transfer the administration of the Chantrey Bequest into the hands of more impartial men, whose professional existence does not depend upon administering it upon certain fixed lines; lines which are not in consonance with the intentions of the testator, and which are diametrically opposed to the views of the majority of educated people, who will continue to believe that the old school of painters are superior to the modern, in spite of all efforts of the present administrators of the Chantrey Bequest to convince them of the contrary. It is impossible that the trust can be impartially dealt with under existing conditions. The mere pecuniary advantages resulting from the annual distribution of some £3,000 among the whole fraternity of British painters is a very small item, and no one of course supposes than any such sordid considerations have any bearing upon the case. It is a much more serious matter when professional men are

called upon to commit "hari-kari" by admitting that they cannot paint so well as their predecessors.

I am, Sir, &c. HAROLD FINCH HATTON.

[Mr. Finch Hatton's defence is a most effective piece of irony. But there is a danger in overstatement. There are good things even in the Chantrey collection, and the period it represents was not a barren one. Things like Mr. Watts's "Psyche", Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer", Leighton's "Athlete", Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Toil Glitter and Grime" and works by Messrs. Sargent, Orchardson and others are not out of place in a public collection. But the case against the Trustees is that they have bought the indifferent even more largely than the excellent in their own exhibition, and steadily ignored the excellent outside of it. To prove their bona fides they would have to swear that Mr. Hacker was a greater artist than Alfred Stevens, Mr. Gotch than Rossetti, Mr. Rooke than Burne-Jones, Mr. Joseph Clarke than Mr. Holman Hunt or Madox Brown, Mr. Val Prinsep than Mr. Whistler, Mr. Herkomer than Fred Walker, Mr. Peacock than Mr. Legros, Mr. MacWhirter than Cecil Lawson. Will they clear themselves by taking any such affidavit? If not, it is probable the Court of Chancery will relieve them of the administration. If they clear themselves by such a declaration they impale themselves on the other horn of the dilemma, by confessing incompetence. I may add that Mr. Gilbert's fountain is in many respects open to criticism, but it is a pity to single out for attack one of our few authentic artists. D. S. MACCOLL.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

42 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., 17 November, 1903.

SIR,—Those who are susceptible to the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity must feel deep pity for Mr. Spielmann. No less than four newspapers have, he asserts, misconceived the meaning and purpose, and misrepresented the statements of his little article in the "Magazine of Art", and forced him to a variety of explanation and remonstrance, the amount of which bids fair to be to the original paper in the proportion of the bird to the bush in a very celebrated rhyme. Your readers will I am sure feel with me that the best way to atone for such injustice is to set down plainly the nature of the article and its actual statements. This can be briefly done.

In the first place, Mr. Spielmann is right in saying his paper is not a defence of the Royal Academy: it is not a defence, but an—apology. His verdict is: guilty, but unpunishable; or perhaps, to put it quite accurately, unpunishable, whether guilty or not. The verdict is not a very important contribution to the controversy, but as it is the only shadow of a reply which has been made on behalf of the Royal Academy, it is worth while to show the value of this pious opinion.

Mr. Spielmann is not a lawyer, so the opinion does not carry expert weight. By what arguments is it supported? First by the assertion that Chantrey foresaw all that has occurred, and exonerated the R.A. in advance. He did nothing of the kind. There is not a single word in his Will which shows that he foresaw what has occurred, nor is there any clause or suggestion whatsoever which could be called an exoneration. Mr. Spielmann has confused two separate matters: the exoneration of which he is thinking is the formal legal provision that when the Trustees of the Will have handed the income over to the Royal Academy, they, the aforesaid Trustees, shall be exonerated from all further responsibility. The clause is perfectly clear, and has absolutely nothing to do with the expenditure of the money. The second argument of Mr. Spielmann is that Chantrey could not have contemplated the purchase of pictures by foreign artists whether dead or living, because that would not have been an encouragement to British fine art. But this statement is entirely contrary to the clause in the Will which defines the character of the work Chantrey intended to be purchased. For foreign artists are therein expressly mentioned as being eligible, provided that their works shall have been executed within the shores of Great Britain; and in view of this distinct provision any

inference to the contrary is wholly inadmissible. Mr. Spielmann seems to have felt this himself, for after a few paragraphs of irrelevant matter, he returns to the point, and offers a further argument,—as follows: such purchases could not have been contemplated, because the testator stipulated that the purchased works should be exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition, and since that only consists of modern pictures, "the idea of the acquisition of ancient pictures is entirely precluded". But the Will says nothing of the kind! The Will says: "in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, or in some important public exhibition of fine arts, the same to be selected by such President and Council, subject to such regulations as they shall think fit and proper". The above considerations amount to a complete disproof of Mr. Spielmann's argument, and I regret that it is necessary to add that the disproof is so evident that it could scarcely have been overlooked by the author of the article. Indeed his contention only obtains *prima facie* plausibility by the omission of the essential words quoted above.

The third and last argument of Mr. Spielmann, if argument it can be called, is that as the excellence of any work of art is only a matter of opinion, the Trustees can always offer a sufficient legal defence by stating that the works purchased are of the highest merit that can be obtained. But, Sir, it is abundantly evident that the above statement is not correct. That there are, within limits, differences of opinion as to the supreme excellence, or the extreme worthlessness of any given work of art, is true enough, but that its excellence or otherwise is a matter of opinion, in ordinary circumstances, is absolutely untrue. And further, the point which Mr. Spielmann entirely overlooks, is that it would be impossible for the President and Council of the Royal Academy to advance such a doctrine in their defence. The very life-blood of their reputation consists of their artistic knowledge, and the income of twenty Chantrey Bequests would not recompense them for writing themselves down incompetent to perceive the difference between one work of art and another.

Having now disposed of Mr. Spielmann the apologist, I venture to add one last word in corroboration of your esteemed contributor, Mr. D. S. MacColl, in respect of Mr. Spielmann the controversialist. In several of his late contributions to the press, as well as in the present article, Mr. Spielmann has charged those opposed to him with various interested motives. He has attributed also to them en bloc ignorance and partiality, and what he euphemistically described, in one instance, as an "amusingly betrayed understanding". I wish to deprecate as emphatically as Mr. MacColl this method of controversy. I have already explicitly affirmed, both in the "Times" and the "Westminster Gazette", that in relation to myself and anything I may have written, such insinuations were entirely false; but Mr. Spielmann has not seen fit either to withdraw or to apologise for them. I therefore wish to repeat my disclaimer, and all that that disclaimer implies.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, HARRY QUILTER.

MR. DAVIDSON'S CONCEITS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 November, 1903.

SIR,—As it is many years since I read Tennyson, I cannot remember where the words occur; but I am certain he has the "screaming wave". Probably your reviewer who seems to know Tennyson well may be able to help me to the passage. The only way in which I can back my opinion is to wager a guinea that the "screaming wave" does occur in Tennyson.

Yours, &c. JOHN DAVIDSON.

[We take this bet.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In "The scream of a madden'd beach" Tennyson anticipated Mr. Davidson's discovery that the pebbles, not the wave, did the screaming, and he should

have been given the credit. I can find no trace of "The screaming wave"; the British Museum, a part of its staff, Mr. Davidson and my friends have all failed to help us. Is Mr. Davidson quite certain he was not thinking of the line in "Maud"?

Yours, &c., W. B. T.

THE ETON HARE-HUNT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newbrough, Fourstones-on-Tyne,
12 November, 1903.

SIR,—Lord Ashburton is quite mistaken in thinking none of the "humanitarians" who have memorialised against the Eton beagles understand "sport". I have taken part in pretty well every form of it ever since I was a boy, and I am not young now. During these many years I have learnt to be disgusted with the unmanly and horrible fashion in which it is too often carried out, and I unhesitatingly affirm that school is not the place to train boys to become blood-sportsmen, especially in such a very mean form of it as beagling. That boys hunt, shoot and fish at their homes, too often, I fear, without any ideas of chivalry or manly justice being ever suggested to them, in no way alters my contention. There is always opposition to progress, an intense dislike to shaking off the savage. Reading the future by the history of the past, I feel convinced that in years to come, it may be hundreds of years, it will be a matter of curious history that educated men and, more horrible, women could find pleasure in chasing and killing for amusement and, at the same time, took credit to themselves for so doing.

Is it not, too, somewhat of an anomaly that at a school where clergymen of the Church of England are at the head of affairs a recreation which would never have been tolerated by the Founder of their creed is upheld and encouraged by them? Can one in the least wonder that religion is losing its hold upon people? A religion that does not refine and improve and seek to modify the demon within us is, surely, somewhat of a sham. I would remind Lord Ashburton that all the hideous tortures, burnings and cruelties of bygone ages were thought then as "legitimate" as he considers boys being allowed full play to their cowardly and savage inclinations now.

I am, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON, Colonel (retired).

"THE BOARD SCHOOL GIRL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 November, 1903.

SIR,—Mrs. F. A. Steel is hardly consistent. She tells us that she has for years been inspecting and taking such "constant and consistent interest" in Board Schools that she actually possesses no fewer than "three formal votes of thanks". If this is so, what has Mrs. Steel to show for this continued "interest" if the whole system of training Board School girls is so hopelessly wrong? The examples she gives of the effect on certain girls' minds of the kind of instruction they receive is hardly a tribute to Mrs. Steel's influence over them; but, even taking them as typical, there is surely little to complain of if the girls of working-class parents are educated to express their natural feelings in language a little more elevated than the slang of the New Cut. I, too, have devoted a great many years to the work of supervision which is entrusted to a London School Board manager, and in the course of fifteen years I have marked most marvellous improvements in the system of teaching that has been evolved. Mrs. Steel can scarcely be aware what that system demands to-day in actual practice, or she would not commit herself so rashly to the statement that two hours per week only is spent in needlework. The fact is that three and a quarter hours is the minimum of time that may be spent in teaching needlework, and the Education Department has taken such keen interest in securing that nothing superfluous shall be taught that years ago all work of unnecessary fine-

ness and all obsolete stitches were abolished in favour of the plainest of stitching and the making of the plainest of garments. Only yesterday I visited one of the largest schools in North London where I was shown between 200 and 300 useful garments as the result of ten months' work. These included aprons and sleeves for the girls attending cookery centres (these, let me note, are all washed and ironed when necessary by the girls attending the laundry centres); many flannel vests and shirts for boys in the truant school; hundreds of socks and stockings, well knitted; children's frocks; aprons of capacious size for the housewifery centres, and so on. Her observations about the cooking taught, equally with those upon the sewing, show that she is quite unaware of the present practice in Board Schools; and I challenge her to show me that anything unnecessary to the proper feeding of a working-man's household is taught. Anyone can see the syllabus at any cookery centre, and a moment's consideration will show how baseless is the statement of Mrs. Steel.

Yours faithfully, A LONDON MANAGER.

BAYLISS v. COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your comments and strictures on the late Bayliss v. Coleridge case are indeed only too much called for. The verdict, and damages awarded, cannot but prove most disastrous to the anti-vivisectionist cause, paralysing and retarding its progress for some time to come. The public, whose interest and sympathy were beginning to be aroused, will now naturally, regard with distrust and suspicion all charges of a similar nature. It is indeed astonishing that a trained lawyer should ever have preferred such charges on the strength of such very inadequate evidence. The result is lamentable, and is a striking example of the force of the aspiration "defend me from my friends".

Yours, &c. ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST.

"THE WOMAN'S VIEW."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pied-à-Terre, St. Peter's Park, Broadstairs, Thanet,
10 November, 1903.

SIR,—It is possible that the novelist who attempts to explain the object of his novel to a reviewer is merely publishing abroad the fact of his own incompetence. Misconception on the reader's part suggests want of clarity on the writer's. If the review of my book "The Woman's View" which appeared in your issue of the 7th stood alone I should sadly conclude that I had left its purpose hopelessly obscure. The fact that the other critics have seen that purpose clearly encourages me however to believe that in this case it is the reviewer's judgment which is at fault and that I have some claim to protest against the ridiculous purpose with which he credits me being accepted by your readers as actually mine.

When I have to state that the holder of "The Woman's View" whom he speaks of as "a character held up to our admiration as an exponent of woman's lofty conception of marriage" is actually held up to the reader's disapprobation as an exponent of woman's degrading conception of marriage, it will be admitted that either my writing or the reviewer's judgment is hopelessly at fault. When I have endeavoured to show that the conception, which is at base the typical feminine conception, cannot be consistently held without revealing its priggishness, its selfish-unselfishness its antagonism to human and social welfare, and have deliberately shown these faults in its exponent, it is annoying to be told that I have glorified her into a type of "woman", by a reviewer who apparently prides himself on the discovery that she is "priggish" "selfishly-unselfish" and "without an ounce of passion in her constitution."

When his account of my book is so hopelessly misleading I am venturing to hope that you may think me, in common fairness, entitled to publish this disclaimer in your columns.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

REVIEWS.

THE WHIG SPIRIT IN HISTORY.

"The American Revolution." Part II. 2 vols. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan Bart. London: Longmans. 1903. 21s. net.

THE period treated by Sir George Trevelyan in these volumes extends from Lexington to Trenton, where Washington captured a thousand German troops of the British Army almost without striking a blow. It may be said therefore to take us to the turning point in the war when the successes of Washington had almost ensured foreign assistance. It was the really critical era of the struggle. If we had been able to enlist during these years the active sympathy of the American loyalists, the Revolution would have been crushed. That we did not was undoubtedly due to our own blundering. The treatment we meted out to the Westchester loyalists is set out by Sir George Trevelyan and was not likely to enlist them actively in our cause. Most of these people were Dutch by origin and strongly anti-American, yet with so little diplomacy did we treat them that in three weeks our troops had swept bare the whole district without the unfortunate inhabitants receiving in return one shilling of payment for all the crops and goods our men had appropriated.

That the loyalists in America were very numerous we should hardly have gathered from Sir George, yet John Adams himself declared that a third part of the whole population in America and more than a third part of the principal persons were altogether against the war from the first and in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons Galloway, late Speaker of the House of Assembly in Pennsylvania, said that he did not believe that one-fifth of the population had independence in view and that only one-fourth of the American army was composed of native Americans, three-fourths were English, Scotch, and Irish. There is no reason to suppose that these statements are otherwise than true. Adams would hardly have exaggerated the numbers of those opposed to independence and Galloway, though a loyalist, was a perfectly trustworthy man. It is quite evident therefore that loyalism in America was a very strong sentiment and that the revolution was the work of a small, persistent and unscrupulous minority. The British Government by its own folly and blunders never allowed itself to make use of the excellent material it had at hand for crushing the rebellion and neither protected the loyalists properly against our own troops nor utilised them in its service. We cannot see that in this second part of his history the author has devoted anything like the amount of attention which the careful historian should have bestowed upon the loyalists in America and their hard case. We can understand his position for he has never concealed his sympathy with the disloyalists in England. He looks in truth upon the American rebels as allies of the Whigs and while his pen is dealing with Washington his mind is ever turning towards Fox. His interests are obviously more bound up with the fortunes of the Rockingham Whigs than with those of the authors of American Independence.

When so Whiggish a Whig as Sir George Trevelyan writes about the times of George III. we must be thankful if we obtain an approximation to fair treatment. And this we honestly believe Sir George has done his best to give us. He is not too hard on George III. and on many occasions he criticises American methods and the diatribes of Whig newspapers but, on the other hand, he shows in many important matters a lack of grasp in handling the political situation and an inability to survey the whole field with that impartiality which is not lacking in Mr. Morley, who is certainly as keen a politician as Sir George. Not many months ago we reviewed a little volume of the highest interest by Mr. Van Tyne dealing with the condition of the loyalists after the outbreak of the war. The author set forth without exaggeration and certainly in no spirit of hostility to the Americans the infamous treatment they received, the judicial persecutions, the plunder, and the long imprisonment to which they were subjected. Such a

narrative is far more important in studying the course of the American Revolution than long-winded descriptions of the attitude of the English press or the feelings of Gibbon and Robertson. But would Sir George have dealt with America at all had it not been for its influence on Whig fortunes? He is by nature a biographer not an historian, and it will ever remain a mystery why he should have abandoned the biography of Charles Fox, for which he was eminently fitted, for a field in which he is only a second- or third-rate performer.

Let us examine a few points in which the writer betrays his bigotry in spite of valiant efforts to steer a straight course. We have always recognised, as any fair-minded publication must, the conspicuous ability and justice with which the present school of American historians have been treating their own records. A great revolution has taken place since the days of Bancroft and there is an almost universal desire to deal fairly with old quarrels. But this attitude does not please your English Whig. He calls their equitable determination to tell the truth "a curious tribute to the point of view" (of the English Court party) "paid of late years by ingenious writers in the United States". He then goes on to sneer at the attempts made to paint correctly the characters of the revolutionary heroes. Fair-minded people will prefer the new American school to this writer who is steeped in the gall of party which made Chatham laud "the glorious spirit of Whiggery which animates three millions of Americans" who were "Whigs in principle and heroes in conduct" and made Conway compare the English soldier serving against the Americans to French officers employed to massacre Huguenots on the night of St. Bartholomew. In the same narrow party spirit is conceived Sir George's criticism of Governor Hutchinson who, he says, "was undermining those [colonial] interests in despatches written on the spot and filled with abuse of the people over whom he had to rule". Hutchinson's letters were addressed to private individuals in England and their publication was a gross breach of confidence. Sir George should have read the late Mr. Fiske's lecture on Hutchinson, included in his essays, and we advise our readers to do so if they wish to form a true idea of Hutchinson's position presented by an American, a strong lover of America but a man with the historic sense and not bound by the narrowest bands in party bitterness.

Another point where Sir George Trevelyan shows himself either at sea or hopelessly partisan is in dealing with the proposed destruction of New York in 1776. What little he tells us about it is that Washington refused to set the city on fire when he retreated and that the subsequent conflagration "is now almost universally admitted in America to have been an accident". He seems to think it a fine thing for Washington to decline to set it on fire himself "even though his own party was in a minority there". Apparently the natural thing for a Whig to do is to burn down Tory cities even if they contain one-third of righteous men. But the fire in New York was almost certainly partisan in origin. General Greene had predicted that if Washington had to retire, "two to one New York is laid in ashes". The author of "Jones' History of New York", who was there at the time, attributes it to incendiarism. Stedman formed the same view and even states that pine-sticks dipped in brimstone were found in cellars. In fact the evidence contemporary and otherwise is all against Sir George's view.

Finally let us note the revival of the ridiculous old charge against the British Government that they had betrayed Frederick the Great before the Peace of Paris in 1763—"thrown Frederick over to the wolves" is the writer's way of describing our policy. One would have supposed that this author as a student of public affairs in the eighteenth century must have read the "Buckinghamshire Papers" published in 1900 and other books dealing with this point. In the first place these charges were specifically denied by Bute in a letter published long ago in Bisset's "Memoirs", but Bute being a Tory is doubtless unworthy of credence and Frederick's veracity is of course proverbial. In the second place it has been conclusively proved by Herr von Ruville in 1895 ("Chatham und

Graf Bute") that no charge has ever been proved against Bute's honour, but of course that gentleman, not taking the side of his own Government, is suspect, like the modern American historians; thirdly the "Buckinghamshire Papers" are conclusive of Bute's innocence and of the fact that Frederick himself instructed his ambassador to foment the discontent against Bute's Ministry and that the Prussian King is an entirely untrustworthy witness.

We cannot further pursue these historical inaccuracies which should not have found a place in a book professing to give a truthful narrative. On the other hand the passages of gossip which are numerous are all interesting if not new, and the chapter on the Church in America is excellent. But we are sorry that we cannot regard this fresh instalment of Sir George Trevelyan's book as in any sense really valuable. It displays in every page his capacity for biography and his innate incompetence to write history.

CITIES THROUGH A HAZE.

"Cities." By Arthur Symons. With eight photo-gravures. London: Dent. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

ROME, Venice, Naples, Prague, Moscow, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople, these are the cities of which Mr. Symons here discourses in a fashion which is all his own, in a vein which holds the reader from beginning to end, even when, perhaps most of all when, we are disposed to cry out upon his methods and views. But the book is not an easy one to review for Mr. Symons is an impressionist, and nothing is more difficult than to give an impression of an impression. We are here in the domains of subjectivity: a highly original artist does as he lists with a brilliant fantastic brush, sometimes filling in large spaces with care and a wonderful perspective, sometimes giving, often with much effect, a mere suggestion of outline and breadth. None of these pictures is precisely a complete picture, save perhaps that of Moscow, to our mind the best in the gallery. Mr. Symons has an extraordinary power of receptivity; we would not call him an observer exactly: he reproduces too much when he observes objectively: he is rather like some highly-sensitised receiving instrument, corresponding to every wave of human sympathy, absorbing almost unconsciously a myriad impressions as he takes his walks abroad, to be given off again only after they have been transmuted in the hidden recesses of an intensely subjective temperament. The sketches he gives us are strangely like and strangely unlike the places he describes. It is impossible to mistake the place, even though we never saw it painted like that before. A Turnerian haze hangs about them all, but the glory of Turner's sun is there also, irradiating all. Occasionally the effects are crude, even glaringly crude: that is when the artist has been observing instead of absorbing. Then he will give us an effect almost as crude and flaring in colour and treatment—we must seek a strong simile—as the front page of the "Gil Blas Illustré". Take this portrait of Matilde Serao for instance:

"Matilde Serao makes on one the impression of a good-humoured gnome. Full of strength, sincerity, emotion, full of an irresistible charm of humanity, she is so short and stout as to be almost square; her head, too, with its low forehead, is square; and she sits humped up, with her head between her shoulders, all compressed vivacity, which is ready to burst forth at any moment in a flood of energetic, humorously emphatic words, to which her leaping gestures with her short fat fingers, in front of her nose, of her grimacing eyes, of her cheeks wrinkled with laughter, add a further and a yet more grotesque emphasis." This is truth too dangerously near caricature; the picture called for quite other treatment.

We like this artist better when he is painting the colour of a town or the broad masses of its people; we like him better still in the country at work on the colours of a sunset; best of all perhaps in a Roman garden. His feeling for a garden suggests ownership, and a lifetime spent therein, not a mere passing visit.

The picture of the Mattei gardens is a veritable gem, and something contrary to our custom, but in the hope that the reader will himself search for similar gems, we reproduce nearly the whole of it here:—

"There are wandering terraces, slim vistas, an entanglement of green and wayward life, winding in and out of brown defaced walls fringed with ivy, and about white and broken statues shining from under this green cloak of leaves; everywhere surprising turns of ways among the trees curving out here and there, as if instinctively, into a circle about a fountain, where broad leaves shadow the heads of gods or emperors in stone. And everywhere there is the cool sound of water, which rises in the fountains, and drips under water-plants in a grotto; and everywhere, as one follows the winding paths, a white hand stretches out from among the darkness of the ivy, at some turn of the way, and one seems to catch the escaping flutter of white drapery among the leaves. You will sometimes see the shy figure of an old Cardinal taking his walk there; and if you follow him, you will come upon a broad alley of ilexes, lined with broken statues, broken friezes, and arched over by fantastically-twisted branches, brown and interlaced, on which the blue-gray leaves hang delicately like lace; an alley leading to what must once have been a sarcophagus, covered, on the side by which you approach it, with white carved figures. On the other side you find yourself in a little trellised circle, from which, as through a window suddenly opened, you see the Alban hills; there is a rustic wooden seat against the stone of the sarcophagus, on which, roughly carved, two lions meet and seem to shake hands; and above is written: 'Qui San Filippo Neri discorreva coi suoi discepoli delle cose di Dio'". There is genius in this, and the climax which brings in the gentle Santo Allegro and his companions is the happiest imaginable touch.

It is rather a bold thing to discourse on the Eternal City in fifty-eight pages. The picture of Rome is Mr. Symons' most ambitious effort, and it is assuredly one of the best. His judgment on art is penetrating, not unmingled at times with a certain felicitous shrewdness. "Raphael" he says very happily, "is the instinctively triumphant perfection of the ideal of the average man; he is what scarcely the greatest painters can be, and only what mediocre painters have desired to be". Michelangelo and Pinturicchio are summed up in a like neat fashion. Of course the picture of Rome is incomplete. It is a Rome wanting chiefly on the Papal and modern Catholic side, but we freely admit that these are sufficiently recondite matters, requiring long residence and not merely winters in Rome to fathom. As he sits musing in his favourite church of San Crisogono, he recalls Madame Gervaisais, but of the Crutched Friars who inhabit there, of the Roman prophetess Anna Maria Taigi who lies buried there, of the old ecstatic Fra Bernardino who died there but a few years ago, he has no thought or at least no word. One may know Rome without such knowledge perhaps, but scarcely the Romans.

The sketches of Venice and Seville palpitate with life and colour and the very atmosphere of the places; Naples Mr. Symons does not like, and we like him better when he has no fault to find. Of the Moscow we have already spoken; it is a remarkable bit of work, gripping the attention and stirring thought in every line. That is one of the qualities of Mr. Symons: he not only paints a pleasing picture but compels his traveller to think. Budapest, Belgrade and Sofia are more lightly handled, but with a characteristically impressionist touch. Constantinople is the largest canvas next to Rome, but to our mind not equally successful in its technique. Excessive observation is at fault again, especially in details of the city's nastiness. But the picture as a whole is absorbingly interesting. Indeed the entire book will be a delight to the cultured traveller to whom we here commend it with sincere applause.

[Note to p. 50.—Horses in Rome are not blessed on the feast of Sant' Antonio Taumaturgo, but on the feast of S. Anthony Abbot. Query to pp. 241-242.—There are four pronominal references to Almighty God in these pages, none of which is spelled with a capital. Who is responsible for this want of

education and decorum? Not Mr. Symons, of course, but who is? Between author, printer, and proof-reader, how is it possible that such a solecism can occur?

A BILINGUAL WRITER.

"Españoles é Ingleses en el Siglo XVI." Por Martin Hume, C. de las Reales Academias Española y de la Historia. Madrid: Librería General de Victoriano Suárez; Londres: Eveleigh Nash. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

OLÉ, viva tu mare!

This "Martin Hume" (C. de las Reales Academias Española y de la Historia), would seem to be our old friend of the "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" "Treason and Plot", and the "Love Affairs of Mary Stuart". "Eveleigh" is perhaps "Evelyn" Nash. But again this may not be the case.

There are not many English writers capable of writing a book in Spanish. With the possible exception of Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly we do not know another. Therefore we have begun our appreciation with the phrase, which stands as above, and as we are writing (we assume) for those who take an interest in Spanish literature, we do not insult them with a translation. The mere fact of a book being published in Spanish by an Englishman is in itself an honour to English letters. But the book in itself is doubly interesting as dealing with the lives and adventures of Spaniards who played a considerable part in the history of the "Siglo XVI." here in England.

Out of the depths of the archives, the adventures of these men have cried for three hundred years for a chronicler. They might have cried in vain, had not the unique conjunction of a Spanish-speaking man and an historian happened to present itself. There was as it were a man sent from God on their account. The book opens with an account of the Spanish mercenaries in England. They were chiefly engaged by Sir Henry Knyvet, who "spoke Spanish perfectly". His name the mercenaries usually spelled "Arequenebet", which equals Harry Knyvet, spelled phonetically by an uneducated Spaniard. There is nothing strange in the spelling when we remember that "Frobisher" not infrequently flourishes as "Ofrisba", and that Philip II. himself wrote "Quitai" for Whitehall. We almost think that as a name we prefer "Ofrisba" to the more orthodox and less euphonious variant. The whole account of the mercenaries is of extraordinary interest and is extracted from original documents in the Record Office. But the most interesting episode of the chapter and the book is the description of the single combat between Julian Romero and Mora which took place at Fontainebleau and arose out of a challenge sent by Captain Mora who had deserted to the French to his ex-commander Captain Gamboa, an officer who held high rank under the English King. Romero, who was a swashbuckler before the God of Battles, took the combat on himself, and became straight the darling of the populace in London town. They fought on horseback armed with swords "and several tucks and daggers" ("sendos estoques y dagas"). Mora had one of the best and quickest horses of France, and as he was so light of foot, he thought to strike his adversary in the back. But Julian, who had seen much service although but seven and twenty years of age, managed to wound the horse of Mora, as he defended himself behind his own horse which lay wounded on the ground. On foot Mora had no chance and when the fight was done and he declared the victor, the King hung round his neck one of those chains which kings in those days always had at hand, and which on this occasion weighed seven hundred crowns. The "Delfin" (Dauphin) also gave him largess, consisting of a surcoat stamped in gold, "which was worth more than the gold chain itself".

A little further on we find Gamboa, transformed into Sir Pedro de Gamboa, and living on Snow Hill, "frente á la iglesia parroquial del Santo Sepulcro" (S. Sepulchre's), where he met his death by an assassin's hand. Four of the murderers, all Spaniards, were executed at Smithfield, and it is curious to remark that they were

hanged after the fashion current in the Panhandle of West Texas at the present day, for standing in the cart, with the ropes round their necks, the executioner whipped up his horse and left them hanging, whilst a priest said "God have mercy on their souls".

Julian Romero, after a lengthened stay at Broughty Ferry where he got the Lord knows how, finding it difficult for "a Spaniard and a good Catholic" to live under the English Government, carried his tender conscience and his sword to the Low Countries. There he acquired great fame under the Duke of Alba and died in 1577, "covered with laurels" (colmado de laureles), and we must hope, with grace.

Into this brave world of gold chains and rich embroidered surcoats, lists at Fontainebleau, and hard knocks and swashbucklers, with Spanish plots, hatched here in London, of torturings, quarterings, and poisonings, and all with the circumstance of due attestation "from the Record Office" at the bottom of the page, does our bilingual writer take us purblind as we are with the rank sewer gas of the modern problem book.

If the first study has most movement, the others do not yield a jot to it in interest, and that in which the story of Antonio Guaras, historian diplomatist and shopkeeper, is told, gives a most interesting account of English life under both Bloody Mary and the no less sanguinary Elizabeth, seen through a Spaniard's eyes.

We think we have said enough, to show that a book honourable alike to the author, to England and to Spain, has seen the light, and as we write mainly (we think) for English-speaking men, we shall not criticise its style further than by remarking it is excellent, and clear, and shows the qualities which the author has displayed so often in his English-written books. The preface by a Spanish man of letters, Don Francisco Acebal, concludes with these appreciative words, "Many might plume themselves on writing in a language not their own, with the facility, ability and even with the grace which I can say that Hume exhibits in our Castilian speech".

REMY DE GOURMONT.

"Epilogues. Réflexions sur la Vie." Par Remy de Gourmont. Paris: Mercure de France. 1903.

"Remy de Gourmont." Par Pierre de Querlon. ("Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui.") Paris: Bibliothèque Internationale. 1903. 1 fr.

AN excellent little series of popular biographies, "Les Célébrités d'Aujourd'hui", has just been started in Paris, and the third volume is devoted to a writer who is not as well known in England as he should be, M. Remy de Gourmont. The volume, like all the volumes of the series, is illustrated by portraits "hors texte" and by facsimile autographs; and it contains (wise innovation!) a careful bibliography. The critical narrative gives one the necessary information, and is sympathetic. At the end, under the head of "Opinions et Documents", are some extracts from the appreciations of several critics, with a few caricature drawings and the reproduction of a portrait which we can certify to be of great rarity.

M. de Gourmont's new volume "Epilogues" is a reprint of the first series of those novel, personal, and surprising "reflections on life" which he has been contributing for the last eight years to each number of the "Mercure de France". Every month, under the heading "Actualité", one finds a tiny ironical sermon, on some sensation of the day, a new form of crime, religion, morality, or literature, the death of a great or famous personage, the birth of a law or the renewal of an idea. Turning over the pages of this volume at random, one comes upon such titles as: "Une polémique sur les mœurs grecques", "Le Sionisme", "Ibsen et les critiques français", "La Dame au Tzigane", "Le Mysticisme bien tempéré", "Lettre à M. d'Annunzio", "La terreur scientifique", "Diana Vaughan". Here is something, you will say, for all tastes. But no: there is nothing here except for the taste of those who are ready to welcome an imperturbable attempt to see things as they are in themselves, and not as the things wish, or as we wish

them, to be. M. de Gourmont appears to have no prejudices, unless a smiling preference or two, and a disdainful rejection or two, can be called prejudices. His mind seems to approach every new fact or idea with an alert, unslackening curiosity; or, rather, may be said to suffer the approach of every new fact or idea. Nothing is too slight or too obvious for his purpose; which is, indeed, a continuous process of thinking, undistracted by what is called the greatness or triviality of the material presented to his thought. Before each question he seems to begin over again at the beginning, without hesitation and without impatience.

This book of "Epilogues" is the journalism of a philosopher, and it marks the height to which journalism can rise. There is not a single section, out of the hundred and twenty-seven, of which the subject has not already supplied many journalists with the material of many columns. Take up an old newspaper, read the leaders which correspond to these "Epilogues", and then read the "Epilogues", which were written month by month, often probably with some of the haste of the journalist. These remain; the others have crumbled away with the paper on which they were printed. And it is because these, though written concerning the hour then passing, were not written from the shifting standpoint of that hour. The difference between the two is the whole difference between thought, which is a living thing, and opinion, which is the echo of a beaten drum.

There are few forms of literature in which M. de Gourmont has not at least experimented; it is perhaps as a critic that he is at his best, and there is not in contemporary France a finer, surer, more solid and liberal, critic of literature. In his study of literature he is not concerned only with the art, but, in a very serious and helpful way, with the whole technique of grammar, prosody, language itself. Some of his books are practically books of science: the "Esthétique de la Langue Française", for instance, and "Le Problème du Style". In the two volumes of "Le Livre des Masques", of which we spoke in these columns at the time of their publication, we have portraits of contemporary writers which are not only fine criticism but themselves literature. An earlier book on "Le Latin Mystique" is a close and learned study of the Latin poetry of the Middle Ages. As Huysmans said, with justice and with characteristically militant energy, at the end of his preface: "Pour ces quelques-uns qui n'attendent plus rien des présomptions du siècle, aiment à s'isoler dans l'oubli silencieux des livres, l'ouvrage de M. de Gourmont sera propice. Il les mettra sur la piste d'œuvres admirables et inconnues et il leur assurera—s'ils n'ont pas l'âme par trop fétide—la joie d'inoubliables heures." Always a scholar rather than a creator, yet a creator in his way, through a subtlety and strangeness of analysis which lack only some slight, incalculable thing to become great, M. de Gourmont has elaborated many perverse and fantastic legends, half tradition and half invention; legends of Lilith, of Phocas, of a certain "Château Singulier", of a certain "Princesse Phenissa", sometimes in dialogue, sometimes in vers libres. They are often printed with a not less elaborate art of singularity, sometimes in limited editions, "violet archevêque" and "pourpre cardinalice". In France the writers of books are rarely interested in the form in which their books are to appear, a strange indifference on the part of those who are certainly artists in writing. M. de Gourmont aims at evoking the atmosphere of the imaginary world of which, for the time, he has been an inhabitant, not only through his words, but before a page has been read, or before the book has been opened.

A STUDY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

"Michael Angelo Buonarroti." By Charles Holroyd. With Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi; and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco d'Ollanda. London: Duckworth. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

WE have frequently urged that when an attempt is made to give a new account of some great man who has repeatedly been the subject of biography

and study, it is desirable to reprint the original substantial document or documents, and to give additional or critical matter by way of notes or essays. There is a danger that in a book written only by allusion and reference or by summary the reader, unless he goes back to the sources, will obtain a false view or at least a needlessly thin view of the material, missing points in it that the critic does not happen to have taken up.

Mr. Holroyd, even in the concise volume before us, has found space to follow this plan. Many as have been the writers on Michael Angelo, two important documents are here translated fully into English for the first time. The more important is the Life of the Master by his pupil and friend Condivi, published three years later than the first version of Vasari's Life, and probably at the instance of Michael Angelo himself, as a supplement and corrective; it has much of the value and also a good deal of the arranged character of an autobiography. This Mr. Holroyd has chosen as the basis of his book, and he has arranged his own account, chapter by chapter, to correspond with Condivi's sections. The reader should therefore study Mr. Holroyd's chapters each in succession to the section of Condivi it refers to.

Something of the old biographer's spirit seems to have entered into the new, making the reading of him agreeable and friendly. Mr. Holroyd writes quietly, with contained enthusiasm that does not waste words, but goes straight to the matter in hand. One is listening to a reverent but sharp-eyed disciple with a desire to communicate the plain facts that will be useful for an artist to know, with just an occasional phrase to recall the great imaginative world that is the subject of his discourse. He writes as one thoroughly familiar with the works he treats of; he bears the beginner in mind, but does not feel it incumbent on him to supply or reset emotion on the subject of those works, rather adding on his own part such remarks as he might make in conversation to a brother student. We may point to his treatment of the architecture of the Sacristy of San Lorenzo as an example of sensible comment. He is neither of those who would bully us into accepting it all as magnificent, because Michael Angelo was a genius, nor of those who dismiss it all as amateur architecture because Michael Angelo was a sculptor. He discriminates, explaining reasonably how the defects probably came in through work by others and the master's imperfect sketches. Among other interesting points we may instance the place given to Bertoldo as a vehicle of Donatello's influence on the young sculptor, and an interesting discovery of a gem, formerly in the Estense collection at Modena which appears to have provided a design for the "Leda".

In an appendix Mr. Holroyd gives a translation, from the Portuguese, of the three dialogues of Francis d'Ollanda the miniature painter, who eagerly seized on the opportunity of questioning Michael Angelo about painting, with a view to the book on design he had in preparation. These dialogues have never before appeared as a whole in English, and the text was only known through Raczkinski's French. It might have been as well to complete the documentary part by giving Vasari's Life as well in an appendix, but it is on the shelves of most students. The letters and other documents are freely drawn upon. The text is accompanied by useful illustrations. One or two of the less well known pieces might have been added with advantage, such as those magnificent designs the "Victory" and "Adonis".

Altogether we congratulate Mr. Holroyd on his book, and recommend it to young students as an introduction to the literature of Michael Angelo and, what is more important, to Michael Angelo himself. Special students will find something wanting of exact scholarship in translation and of full acquaintance with the recent literature of the subject.

FREE IMPORTS OF ALIENS.

"The Alien Immigrant." By Major W. Evans-Gordon. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s. net.

WHSOEVER wants to see in a lurid light what are the consequences of free importation of undesirable products, whether of humanity or goods, should read

Major Evans-Gordon's most interesting book. He will see that the question of the alien is only another branch of the great question of government against free trade or individualism. The reader of the ghastly account of affairs in the East End of London where the alien has overwhelmed and driven out, to the accompaniment of abundant misery, the native inhabitant will have a keener appreciation of what happens when foreign goods, being allowed to come in suddenly and without restraint, destroy native industries. The free trader makes light of the displacement of industry in such cases. Labour finds other occupations. Yes; very much as the native industrials of large quarters in the East End who have been ruined have had to find other occupations and other dwellings. Are the social disorganisation and the suffering that results a matter that can be treated with indifference, even granted that in the end a merely economic gain might be proved? Evidently there is the same need for legislation, for direction and control, in both cases. It is amazing in view of such a story as that which Major Evans-Gordon has told so completely, and with such copious illustration from facts which he has collected not only in the Ghettos of London but in the original sources of the evil the Ghettos of Europe, that nothing has yet been done. The Royal Commission, that of last year, for there have been several, of which Major Evans-Gordon was a member, described a plan of legislation and recommended it. Every nation in the world that is exposed to the same kind of evil has passed stringent laws which it administers strictly and with admitted advantage; but in England we are still hesitating as we are doing in the analogous case of the free importation of goods. Lord Rothschild and Sir Kenelm Digby, two members of the Commission, thought legislation would be ineffective. It is true the United States have an alien problem even more serious than ours, but they are grappling with it; and Major Evans-Gordon shows that if it were not for their laws, they would be immensely worse off. In the meantime as we have nothing similar we receive in crowds the outcasts that are turned away from the States. With similar legislation to that of the States the shipping companies which convey the crowds of wretched immigrants to our shores now would carefully weed them out, as do those shipping companies who carry on the traffic with America.

The condition of the East End which has been caused by the alien immigration, the appalling overcrowding (see the Bethnal Green case before Mr. Cluer at Worship Street reported in Thursday's "Times"), the sweating, the filth, the destruction of modes of former native life which were once greatly superior, have often been described. The facts are indisputable; they are not denied even by the complacent people who object to interference with "liberty"; and they have burnt themselves into the minds of the working population who have been driven from their homes and deprived of their livelihoods by the hosts of foreign locusts that have eaten up every green thing belonging to them. Nor is it in London alone that the baleful influence is felt. In almost every large town a Jewish Ghetto is being built up on the ruins of an English quarter. In Scotland the miners are being displaced by aliens who cannot speak English, and who endanger their own and their fellow-workmen's lives with their ignorance. Amongst miners diseases previously unknown have been introduced. It must be remembered that objection to unrestricted immigration is not anti-semitism. The Jews in our towns are as impressed with the danger as Englishmen can be. They are put to immense inconvenience and expense in dealing with the poverty and misery imposed on them by the crowds from Russia, Poland, Austria-Hungary, Roumania. Major Evans-Gordon in order to make himself thoroughly familiar with the conditions of the problem journeyed through the "pale" and the districts of Europe whence the streams of immigrants come. His conclusion is that there are districts of London whose squalor and overcrowding and insanitariness are worse than the worst of the foreign Ghettos.

Another important point also he makes clear. It is not religious persecution that drives out the im-

migrants. In Russia the Jews have complete religious toleration and they are not worse off in this respect than the Roman Catholics. The hostility to them is not racial, for conversion immediately confers all rights of citizenship. But the laws are undoubtedly contrived and very largely administered so as to exclude Jews from almost every occupation and to drive them into Ghettos. Yet in Austria-Hungary where there are no anti-Jewish laws the conditions are very much the same; and Major Evans-Gordon is inclined to think that if all restrictions were removed in Russia affairs would not be greatly different from what they are at present. In many parts where the Jewish population is most numerous and poverty-stricken, the Jews are yet the most influential in commerce and industry; but they do not, in spite of their charity to their co-religionists and their educational system, seem to be able to grapple with the social and political problems which are presented to them. Major Evans-Gordon quotes Mr. Israel Zangwill who said "I blame the Jews for always expecting Christians to solve their problems for them. I blame the Jews for not solving their own problem". He adds that this is a most concise statement of his own case. England cannot solve the Jewish immigrant problem, but she can defend herself as the Jews have defended themselves from their co-religionists in the case of Baron Hirsch's colony in the Argentine; or as they would have to do if the dream of a Jewish nation in Palestine were ever realised. One of the first steps they would take would be to lay down stringent regulations with a view to the exclusion of all undesirable elements from the country. One phase of the foreign alien problem which has increased within recent years to startling proportions is the growth of criminality, and vice of many and atrocious kinds, due to the foreign professional criminals and abandoned persons of both sexes who infest our social life. Magistrates, judges, juries, police authorities are every day calling attention to this source of crime and corruption, and the enormous danger as well as expense that it is to the country. England has become the headquarters of international crime and vice. We are the clearing house for the dangerous classes of all Europe as we are or were in commerce. If we were not afflicted with a sort of mental and moral paralysis, which makes us afraid of undertaking social constructive legislation, we should at least do something to protect society from the obvious perils of unrestricted alien immigration.

NOVELS.

"Gran'ma's Jane." By Mary E. Mann. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Mrs. Mann has made a reputation as a delineator of East Anglian life and her latest story is as good as anything that she has done. The scenes are laid in Norwich and the period is the third quarter of the nineteenth century when crinolines and porkpie bonnets were in use. The story opens with an execution at the Castle and the birth of Gran'ma's Jane and the gallows casts its shadow throughout the romance which tells of the life and love of Jane. Mrs. Mann generally has this touch of gloom over her stories, and though it may make her books not liked by readers who look for mere amusement, it does not lessen their attractiveness for those who like their fiction to deal with the shadow as well as the shine of life. And though the gallows is erected at the beginning, and poor weak "Gran'ma" is murmuring of the gallows at the end there is much that is bright in the story; it is in the best sense of a much-abused word realistic, and will please all readers who can appreciate the excellent combination in fiction of observation, thought and literary charm.

"Beatrice Froyle's Crime." By Florence Warden. London: Pearson. 1903. 6s.

Little Ermytrude Froyle would indeed have been a wise child had she known her own parents, for two men were under the impression that she was their daughter, and two women claimed to be her mother. It was the crime of the actual mother, Beatrice Froyle, which caused these misapprehensions; yet Mrs. Froyle's case

was a hard one. She had married a subaltern without his father's consent, was left a widow with a two-year-old child, and landed in England only to find herself given the cold shoulder by her husband's family. She was quite at the end of her resources when a chance offered of securing a home and comfort for her little girl and herself, at the cost of deceiving a kind-hearted and unconventional nobleman by passing off the child as his. The temptation was too strong for her, but retribution, in the shape of the harassing perplexities which ensued, was not slow to follow. Beatrice Froyle's wretchedness became more poignant as she found herself beginning to regard her protector with a warmer feeling than gratitude. After a number of highly sensational occurrences the secret comes out, and we are very sorry for Beatrice. However, the storm blows over: the offender is forgiven: and the story closes with a union which the hardened novel-reader will almost from the first have seen to be inevitable.

"The Secret in the Hill." By Bernard Capes. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 6s.

This is a capital story of treasure hunting, one in which the mere treasure hunt, although it adds a strong romantic interest, is really subordinated to the delineation and interplay of diverse characters. Although the romance begins at a murder trial in Ipswich about forty years ago, and though that murder trial has a vital share in the development of the romance it is for the most part bright and cheery. Master Richard Bowen who tells the story is left at the age of eight to the care of an uncle who has all the charm of one of Dickens' quaint characters, a man who spends his life in making fruitless inventions; together they go to a village on the Suffolk coast and there the threads of a tangled story are curiously but carefully straightened out. Mr. Capes writes well—though he twice slips into such errors as "the boy . . . had even, until this morning arrived punctual"—and he has fashioned a story that is as interesting as it is ingenious. The two boys, Richard and his chum (and whilom enemy) Harry, Uncle Jenico, and the muscular Christian, Mr. Sant the rector of Dunbury are capitally presented. It is as much a healthy book of adventure for youthful readers, as a novel for their elders.

"Eleanor Dayton." By Nathaniel Stephenson. London: Lane. 1903. 6s.

This book begins with an admirably dramatic incident, in which Louis Napoleon plays a part. The author then harks back to the infancy of her heroine, and we see no more of the Emperor until the last chapter of all. In respect to her lovers—and this volume is full of love-affairs—Eleanor Dayton showed that "complicated state of mind" which we have grown accustomed to expect in American heroines. Hardly, after the usual amount of introspection, had she made her choice, when her accepted suitor was wrecked at sea, and reached the shore only to expire in her presence. In truth this is a dolorous story: it contains four death-bed scenes in all, surely an over-liberal allowance for one novel, and a supply of sentiment proportionately large. Never were people so unfortunate as Eleanor and her friends. They lose their good looks by small-pox, their sons in war and their property through market-rigging scoundrels, until at last the reader loses something too—his patience. Mr. Stephenson writes well: our hope is that in his next romance he will be a little less lugubrious.

"The Call of the Wild." By Jack London. London: Heinemann. 1903.

This is not an ordinary dog story, nor is "Buck" an ordinary dog. Originally a domestic animal, amid domestic surroundings both human and canine, he is sold into captivity, made to draw sledges over the wild tracts of British North America and learns from hunger and fatigue the dignity of labour, the pride of knowing it well done, the workings of the law of Nature which gives the race to the swift and the battle to the strong, and the power of that mysterious force which lies at the root of his being and eventually draws him back to the wild life of the forest as the leader of a pack of wolves. It is the story of a temperament—a temperament which is neither human nor animal. Whether

the author has attempted to work out any psychological problem or not seems to us entirely immaterial. Both his story and his manner of telling it are delightful. The illustrations are good, both in drawing and in execution.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Works of Ruskin." (Library Edition.) Vols. III. and IV. London: Allen. 1903. 21s. net each.

These volumes contain the text of "Modern Painters" Vols. I. and II. They are edited with the same scrupulous care and minute knowledge that have marked the previous volumes. In notes to the text are given the various readings of the successive editions; the different prefaces are prefixed, an interesting general introduction by the editors and a bibliography. In addition a quantity of subsidiary material is added from Ruskin's notes, minor writings and correspondence bearing on the period when this book was written and produced, and extracts are also given from reviews of the time. These volumes were not illustrated in the original issue. The present edition contains a number of plates after Turner and Ruskin, many of them published for the first time. The frontispiece to Vol. IV. is a good example of those careful studies after nature on which Ruskin's analysis of landscape art was based. Is it too much to hope that this new edition may lead those easy critics who rely on the memory of a few passages for their view of Ruskin to read the full text of his work and appreciate the real breadth and variety of his conceptions?

"Historical Lectures and Addresses." By Mandell Creighton. London: Longmans. 1903. 5s. net.

This collection of lectures and papers by Creighton introduced by Mrs. Creighton includes "Heroes", "The Picturesque in History", the three lectures on Grosseteste and "The English National Character". The last named is perhaps the best known. It was originally delivered as a Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian six or seven years ago. Creighton called this a superficial treatment of a great subject. The reflections are certainly not profound, but no one who writes or is deeply interested in the subject should neglect to read them. And the temper is so equable that both cosmopolite and robust Briton may read, and neither take umbrage. But the holder of the doctrine "May my country's opponents always be in the right—but my country's opponents, right or wrong" will here find cold comfort. There is no mistaking the English note of Creighton in this essay. It amounts to praise of John Bull, the hard-headed opinionated practical Englishman; nice in its discrimination, of course, and exquisite in its urbanity towards foreign nations who are astonished and nettled by him, and often very angry with him.

"The Carlyle Country; with a Study of Carlyle's Life." By J. M. Sloan. London: Chapman and Hall. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

Books of this character are apparently rather in demand at the present time. One can recall a number of them that have been published within the last few years, notably a very pleasing book on Sir Walter Scott and his country. William Howitt was perhaps the first writer of note to cultivate this taste. But few have done it so successfully as he did in his artless, enthusiastic "Homes and Haunts of the British Poets". Mr. Sloan's book is agreeable, but we fancy most readers of Carlyle will find more interest in the quotations that bear on early associations and home life at Ecclefechan and elsewhere than in the half-tone photographs of various houses not in the least beautiful, and of tombstones very much the reverse, which accompany the letterpress. "The sound of the kirk bell from Hoddum Kirk was strangely touching", wrote Carlyle, "like the departing voice of eighteen hundred years". But the photograph of the kirk in question may serve to disillusionise; it looks so very commonplace and so do its tombstones. And the railway station at Ecclefechan is just the ordinary, very ugly, very necessary countryside railway station. Happily we are spared the mutes and the coffin. Mr. Sloan is a great admirer of James Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's father, with his "heart and brain all sterling and royal". He believes that the son did not exaggerate the fine character of the dour, peppery old farmer. He says: "The son was the genius, but the father was probably the greater character". Carlyle himself said he might pause at the question whether Robert Burns or James Carlyle had the greater natural faculty.

"Imperial Fellowship of Self-governed British Colonies." By Lord Norton. London: Rivingtons. 1903. 2s. 6d.

Lord Norton has been an active worker in the cause of Imperial unity ever since he held the secretaryship of the Association which promoted the colonisation of New Zealand half a century ago. In his opinion "we are only now grasping the full meaning of our true Colonial relationship and the fact that Colonial self-administration and Imperial fellowship are not incompatible, but co-ordinate elements in its full development". He makes a useful summary survey of Great Britain's relations

(Continued on page 680.)

THE WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE

ESTABLISHED
A.D. 1717.

Head Office: 27 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
City Office: 5 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

**BUSINESS CONFINED TO GREAT BRITAIN.
DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING AND EXPLOSION
OF COAL GAS MADE GOOD.**

FULL PARTICULARS as to RATES and the SPECIAL ADVANTAGES offered by this OLD-ESTABLISHED OFFICE may be obtained on application to

STENTON T. COVINGTON, Secretary.

Scottish Provident Institution.

ESTABD.
1837.

INCORPD.
1843.

**MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.
Accumulated Funds exceed £12,500,000.**

The Surplus at the 1901 Investigation was £1,581,000.

Over 60 per cent. of the Members who died during the Septennium were entitled to Bonuses which, notwithstanding that the Premiums do not as a rule exceed the non-profit rates of other Offices, were, on the average, equal to an Addition of over 50 per cent. to the Original Assurances.

Endowment Assurance with Profits—Special Class.

Prospectus with full information on application.

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
WEST END OFFICE: 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(Lives) Established 1807. (Annuities)



HEAD OFFICE—
79, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.
CITY—41, THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

RESULTS OF VALUATION (1902).

Amount of Surplus, £175,439, of which 90 per cent. was divisible amongst the Policyholders, producing a Cash Bonus equal to 30 per cent. of the Premiums paid during Quinquennium.

The Company's Debenture Policies, with Guaranteed Benefits, afford an attractive form of Insurance in the Non-Participating Class, at very moderate rates.

Apply for XXth Century Prospectus, showing Simple and Liberal Conditions.

FOUNDED 1823

The Edinburgh Life Assurance Company

ONE OF THE OLDEST OF THE LIFE OFFICES (without amalgamation), transacting LIFE ASSURANCE, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY Business alone—without Fire, Marine, or other risks—which affords the **Additional Security** of a Substantial Capital (£500,000) besides a LARGE and INCREASING ACCUMULATED ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY FUND now approaching **£4,000,000.**

WORLD-WIDE POLICIES MODERATE PREMIUMS

"To have reached **four score years** and to be still fat and flourishing is the condition to-day of THE EDINBURGH LIFE. **Never in its history has so satisfactory a report of progress been issued** (as in April 1903), and on this state of things the management is to be congratulated." *Bankers' Magazine.*

Manager and Actuary—ARCHIBALD HEWAT, F.F.A., F.I.A.

Head Office—22 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

London Office—11 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C.; West End—174 PICCADILLY, W.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, A.D. 1720.

**FIRE. LIFE. MARINE.
ACCIDENTS.
BURGLARY.**

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

**EMPLOYERS'
LIABILITY.**

Apply for further information to

THE SECRETARY.

HEAD OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.
WEST END BRANCH: 29 PALL MALL, S.W.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,

50 Regent Street, W., and 14 Cornhill, E.C., London.
FOUNDED 1807.

THE PREMIUM INCOME of this Office is derived from Home business only, no foreign risks being undertaken.

THE PAYMENTS MADE FOR LOSSES exceed £5,000,000. Damage by Lightning and Explosion of Coal Gas made good.

FORMS OF PROPOSAL and full particulars as to Rates and the Advantages offered by the COUNTY may be obtained on application.

B. E. RATLIFF, Secretary.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

Total Funds exceed £5,000,000.

Last Valuation of Scottish Union and National Policies by H^c. Table, with 3 per Cent. Interest.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Almost all descriptions of Property insured on the most favourable terms.

EDINBURGH: 35 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.
LONDON: 3 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE. LIFE.

HEAD OFFICES { North John Street, LIVERPOOL.
28 Lombard Street, LONDON.

THE LARGEST FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

INCOME for 1902 - - - - £3,902,600
INVESTED FUNDS at 31st December, 1902, £11,985,009

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY. MODERATE RATES OF PREMIUM.
LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.**

Manager—CHARLES ALCOCK.

Sub-Manager—GEO. CHAPPELL.

Assistant Secretaries—WM. ROPER; J. J. ATKINSON.
Secretary in London—JOHN H. CROFT.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1866.

INDUSTRIAL AND ORDINARY BRANCHES.

ANNUAL INCOME at rate of £900,000.

RESERVE FUNDS over £1,000,000.

CLAIMS PAID exceed £3,500,000.

Applications for Agencies invited.—Gentlemen able to influence good business will find the Company's Agency Terms very remunerative. Full Prospectuses and Terms on application to S. J. PORT, Secretary.
Chief Offices: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - - - £47,000,000.

with her Colonies from the time of Elizabeth, indicating briefly the leading ideas of Canadian and Australian federation, and concludes that "fellowship is not to be maintained on abstract principles of protection nor should it be subjected to rigid formularies of free trade". Some of his generalities are likely to lead him rather beyond his actual intention, as when he says: "Economic as well as constitutional freedom are both essential to British co-partnership". There must be some surrender of freedom on both sides if an economic partnership is to work; it is of the essence of partnership.

"The Theory of International Trade." By C. F. Bastable. Fourth edition. London: Macmillan. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

Whatever theory has to say on the burning subject of foreign trade is said by Professor Bastable in this well-known study of his. From the preliminary question whether there is any difference between a theory of international values and the general theory, to the "controversial" chapters on Free-trade and Protection—in which Professor Bastable takes up the extreme free-trade position—the student will find the book useful; but it is to be noted that the chapter on "The Foreign Exchanges" does not give this part of the subject so fully as Lord Goschen's book, which remains for its purpose the best. But as a general treatment of the whole subject in which principle essential for a judgment on controversial questions may be acquired the book is very good; yet it is not for the perfunctory reader who wishes to decide without knowing.

"Friendship's Garland; Mixed Essays; Last Essays on Church and Religion." By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 2s. 6d. net.

These are volumes in the popular edition of Matthew Arnold's books which is being issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. They are exactly the size, print and general form appropriate for the essays they contain. Not to know Arminius Baron von Thun-Hohenstein is not to know some of the most characteristic and best of Arnold's work; and it is to miss the earlier chapters of that movement of which we are now in the midst by which Continental science and culture have been extolled at the expense of the British. Some of the essays bear traces of the effluxion of time, but such as those on "A Psychological Parallel" and "The Zeit-Geist" are still "in the living present".

"A Few Remarks." By Simeon Ford. London: Heinemann. 1903.

Those who like typical American humour will like these "Remarks" much. Those who don't will dislike them more. It is quite inconceivable why anyone should collect into a book such minute essays, beginning anywhere and ending nowhere. They have no shadow of interest except as an exhibition of that skill in accumulating hyperboles which gives its wit to every other American story. It is the sort of wit which at its very worst makes you giggle in spite of yourself. At its best its effect is gloom. Even wit which demands brevity demands continuity; and from perception of the fact Mark Twain owes his supremacy over Mr. Ford and other humorists of his class.

"The Political Writings of Richard Cobden." London: Fisher Unwin. 1903. 7s.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has issued in two volumes a very complete edition of Cobden's political writings. Lord Welby writes a preface the keynote of which is that Cobden's work is now being "wantonly assailed". Sir Louis Mallet's introduction to the second edition (this appears to be the fourth since the edition of 1867); William Cullen Bryant's introduction to the American edition of 1867 is also given; and there are the annotations of Mr. F. W. Chesson from a previous issue in 1878. There is a portrait of Cobden, a very full Index, and a bibliography: so that any one who wants a bath of Cobdenism may take a plunge with all the apparatus to save him in deep water. We can only object to the reprint that its introductions are not printed in equally good type with the text.

"The Real Dickens Land" (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net) by H. Snowden Ward and Catherine W. B. Ward is a kind of companion volume to "The Carlyle Country", which it generally resembles in treatment and in the illustrations. The authors give an interesting account of the last passages in Dickens' life, though they present nothing in a new light. By his readings, not including those undertaken for charities, Dickens earned not less than forty-five thousand pounds. But the strain broke him. Ruskin wrathfully spoke of the "pestiferous demands of the mob", a saying which the novelist would no doubt have resented greatly. The authors might have made another quotation, less known but very striking, from Ruskin: in a footnote in one of his books he declares that for fineness of detail the description of the sea-storm at the death of Ham Peggotty in "David Copperfield" is matchless. Dickens was absorbed in "Edwin Drood" at the close of his life, and many will agree with what the authors here say, that he had probably never written better.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Novembre. 3f.

There is a most instructive paper on the Neutralisation of Denmark by M. de Martens. He points out the importance to Europe of maintaining Denmark in her present condition of independence as she holds the keys of the Baltic and the

danger to other Powers is evident if any aggressive State should seize her and dominate the narrow straits. Not the least interesting part of M. de Martens' article is his account of the gradual recognition of Swiss neutrality by Europe, although that country has not been specially guaranteed by treaty, as Belgium has; but the case of Denmark is different from and more vitally important than that of Switzerland. "It is time," says M. de Martens "that the European nations should take thought for the security of their peaceful and political interests in the Baltic coasts and seriously occupy themselves with this question; how to guarantee the perpetual freedom of the passage through the Danish straits? And it is time that on the other hand the guardian of the passage who for ages has conscientiously and valiantly filled a rôle so difficult should be guaranteed against a malicious attack or some audacious coup de main". The only safe way to carry this out is by proclamation of the perpetual neutrality of Denmark and that neutrality must be extended to the Sound and the Belts. In return for this Denmark of course would have completely to abandon any idea of playing a part in international politics. M. de Martens' proposal will be studied in Europe with mixed feelings but with respect due to his eminence as an international jurist. There is also an extremely forcible paper by M. de Brunetiere on a posthumous work by Sabatier and an interesting survey of the tax on incomes under the Ancien Régime.

For This Week's Books see page 682.

ARE YOU BUSY?

Then make a

"SWAN"

Fountain

Pen

Your "Right
Hand Man."

16/6

"SWANS"

are guaranteed
to give
Satisfaction.

Prices: 10/6, 16/6,
25/- to £20. Postage free.

Sold by all Stationers.

SEE CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

Mable, Todd & Bard,

93 Cheapside, E.C., 95a Regent St., W., LONDON.
3 Exchange Street, MANCHESTER, and
Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS.

LYRIC THEATRE.

Lessee, Mr. WM. GREET.
Under the management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING at 8.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.
THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

THE PALACE.

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.
EVERY EVENING at 8. The AMERICAN BIOGRAPH and VARIETIES.
Seats at the Box-office from 11 till 5. CHARLES MORTON, Manager.

QUEEN'S HALL. SYMPHONY CONCERT.

TO-DAY, SATURDAY, November 28, at 3.
QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.
CONDUCTOR—MR. HENRY J. WOOD.
7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.; usual Agents; Box-office, Queen's Hall; and of
ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager, 320 Regent Street, W.

CAUTION! GENUINE CHLORODYNE.

Every bottle of this well-known remedy for

**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
NEURALGIA, DIARRHŒA,
DYSENTERY, &c.**

bears on the Government Stamp the name of the
inventor,

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

*N.B.—Numerous Testimonials from eminent Physicians
accompany each bottle.*

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

Packets $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. 3d. and 7d.
Pound Tins, 1/2.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

Buy a packet
at once and you
will continue.

COCOA

The most Nutritious and Economical.

BARR'S BEAUTIFUL HARDY
DAFFODILS
GOLD MEDAL
THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

BARR'S POPULAR 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 6 Bulbs each of 24 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for
Pot-culture or for the Flower Border.

Half the above Collection for 10/6.

BARR'S WOODLAND 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy Varieties suitable
for Naturalising.

Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12 & 13 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE**

DRINK THE

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being much stronger
than ordinary Coffee.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE
TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.
ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the
above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MAR-
SEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers: **F. GREEN & CO.** Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue, London.
For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 25 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL
SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES,
MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE,
CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA,
TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD
TOURS. For Particulars apply at the London Offices,
112 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

H. SOTHERAN & CO., BOOKSELLERS.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA,
AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue of fresh Purchases. Specimen number post-free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND
ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Codes: UNICODE and A B C.
Telephone: CENTRAL 1515.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE KING AND QUEEN, 187 PICCADILLY, W.
Libraries entirely Fitted up, Arranged and Catalogued. All the New and
Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer-books, &c. New Choice Bindings for Presents.
Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

NOVEMBER SUPPLEMENT

TO GLAISHER'S REMAINDER BOOK CATALOGUE IS NOW READY.
Extensive Purchases of Publishers' Reminders at Greatly Reduced Prices.

WILLIAM GLAISHER,

Remainder and Discount Bookseller,
265 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Also Catalogue of Popular Current Literature, and List of French Novels,
Classics, &c.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

A. & F. DENNY have just issued a New List of
100 pages, containing the most recent and noteworthy Books of the
Season, including Books for Children and for Presents.—Post free on application
to A. & F. DENNY, 147 Strand, W.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

ARUNDEL CHROMOS,
Engravings, Books, Fictile Ivories, &c.

A Complete List of ALL the publications of the Arundel Society (with price
affixed to those in stock). Price 1s. net, post free.
A Complete List of the CHROMOS ONLY (with prices affixed to those in
stock) free on receipt of stamp.

SAINT JUDE'S DEPOT, BIRMINGHAM.

ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL,
BROOK GREEN, HAMMERSMITH, W.

Trustees of the Foundation—The MERCERS' COMPANY.

HEAD MISTRESS,

Miss FRANCES R. GRAY, Class. Trip. Newnham College, Cambridge.

The School will open in JANUARY, 1904.
Ten Scholarships will be awarded upon the results of an Examination to be held
during the last week of November.

These Scholarships defray the Tuition Fees throughout the period of their
tenure.

Full particulars may be obtained from the HEADMISTRESS at the School, or
from Sir JOHN WATNEY, Clerk to the Governors, Mercers' Hall, E.C.

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL, HERTS.—Preference
for Boarder Vacancies in January, 1904, given to Boys for Junior Houses.
—Apply, HEADMASTER.

ST. MARTIN'S, BEXHILL.

MR. AUSTIN BROWN, B.A.,

Trinity Hall, Cambridge,

Prepares a few Boys for the Public Schools. The place and the
system are particularly adapted to the needs of delicate boys.

Prospectus and references on application.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK.

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

2%	CURRENT ACCOUNTS.	2%
	on the minimum monthly balances, when not	
	drawn below £100.	
2½%	DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.	2½%
	on Deposits, repayable on demand.	

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares purchased and sold for customers.

BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

C. A. RAVENSCROFT, Managing Director.

Telephone No. 5 Holborn.

Telegraphic Address: "BIRKBECK. LONDON."

R. ANDERSON AND CO.

**BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT
CONTRACTORS,**

14 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice,
Estimates and all information free of charge. Replies received.

PUBLISHED BY T. FISHER UNWIN

Ready NOVEMBER 30.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

DECEMBER.
2s. 6d. net.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

- AN EDUCATIONAL CONCORDAT—No. 2.**
"A LIBERAL."
COLONIAL IDEALS. Hon. W. PEMBER REEVES.
SOLDIER AND PEASANT IN FURTHEST TURKEY. VICTORIA BUXTON.
THE LATEST VIEW OF HISTORY. G. M. TREVELYAN.
THE FREE MAN'S WORSHIP. Hon. BERTRAND RUSSELL.
"INFINITE TORMENT OF FLIES." A. E. SHIPLEY.
FROM TENANT TO OWNER. His Honour JUDGE OVEREND.
PROTECTION AND SPECIAL TRADES. No. 3.—SHIPBUILDING. J. M. DENNY, M.P.
THEODOR MOMMSEN. THE PRESIDENT OF TRINITY.
THE NEAR EAST: A Plan. E. HILTON YOUNG.
RED HANRAHAN. W. B. YEATS.
MR. BURDEN. Chaps. III. and IV. HILAIRE BELLOC.
THE AMERICAN ANALOGY. GRAHAM WALLIS.
Other Reviews.

Of all Booksellers. 2s. 6d. net.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1903.

- THE MYTH OF THE BIG AND LITTLE LOAF.** By W. H. MALLOCK.
A BOARD OF WAR. By Lt.-Col. ALSAGER POLLOCK (Editor United Service Magazine).
TAMMANY AGAIN. By SYDNEY BROOKS.
HECTOR BERLIOZ. By Miss A. E. KEETON.
MR. BALFOUR AND RETALIATION. By Rt. Hon. G. SHAW LEFEVRE.
THE LIFE OF W. E. GLADSTONE. By His Honour Judge O'CONNOR MORRIS.
THE LOVE SONGS OF A BYGONE DAY. By A. H. GARSTANG.
THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By Mrs. CRAWFORD.
MOMMSEN AND OUR SEVERANCE FROM GERMANY. By J. S. MANN.
THE LESSON OF LORD WOLSELEY'S LIFE. By Sir GEORGE ARTHUR D'ANNUNZIO'S "LE LAUDI." By J. C. BAILEY.
OUTSIDE THE GATE. By DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.
THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY. By F. G. AFLALO.
THEOPHANO. Chaps. VI. and VII. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
INDEX.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, Ltd.

CONTENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY & AFTER

For DECEMBER, 1903.

- THE RIVAL EMPIRES.** By EDWARD DICEY, C.B.
BRITISH EAST AFRICA. By the Right Hon. LORD HINDLIFF.
HISTORY AND WAR OFFICE REFORM. By the Hon. JOHN W. FORTESCUE.
IMPRESSIONS OF KOREA. By REGINALD J. FARRER.
THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A RETROSPECT. By CHARLES L. EASTLAKE (late Keeper).
THE CARLSBAD CURE AT HOME AND ABROAD. By HENRY CUNYNGHAME, C.B.
A VISIT TO THE "WISE WOMAN" OF LISLOGHER. By the Hon. Mrs. GREVILLE-NUCENT.
THE FOREIGN FRUIT TRADE IN BRITAIN. By SAMPSON MORGAN.
"CASH ON DELIVERY," OR SHOPPING BY POST. By J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.
THE MAGPIE. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH.
SHIFTING SCENES IN RURAL WORKHOUSES. By EDITH SELLERS.
CONSTABLE'S "LANDSCAPE." By FREDERICK WEDMORE.
"THE WOMAN WHO TOLLS" IN AMERICA. By Mrs. FREDERIC HARRISON.
ENGLISH STYLE AND SOME FRENCH NOVELS. By Mrs. MARGARET L. WOODS.
HAMMURABI'S CODE. By Professor CARL LEHMANN.
LAST MONTH. By Sir WENYSS REID.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

682

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART.

- Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité** (Par Georges Perrot et Charles Chipiez. Tome VIII.: La Grèce Archaïque—La Sculpture). Paris: Hachette. 37s.
How to Identify Old China (Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson). 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Life and Letters of Thomas Thellusson Carter** (Edited by the Ven. W. H. Hutchings). Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.
Grain or Chaff: the Autobiography of a Police Magistrate (Alfred Chichele Plowden). Unwin. 16s. net.

FICTION.

- The Ways of the Millionaire** (Oswald Crawford). Chapman and Hall. 6s.
Rosemonde (Beatrice Stott). Unwin. 6s.
L'Oncle Placide (Par J. Girardin. Sixième Édition). Paris: Hachette. 5s.
An Unshared Secret and Other Stories (Florence Montgomery). Macmillan. 6s.
The Smile of Melinda (Dorothea Deakin). Harpers. 3s. 6d.
The Spirit of the Service (Edith Elmer Wood). Macmillan. 6s.
A Goddess from the Sea (Willoughby Beddoes). Drane. 6s.

HISTORY.

- An Epoch in Irish History: Trinity College, Dublin, 1591-1660** (J. P. Mahaffy). Unwin. 16s.
Boston, the Place and the People (M. A. De Wolfe Howe). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
Les Celtes depuis les Temps les plus Anciens jusqu'en l'an 100 avant notre ère: Étude Historique (Par H. D'Arbois de Jubainville). Paris: Fontemoing.
Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec (Justin H. Smith). Putnam. 9s. net.

REPRINTS.

- The Alchemist** (Ben Jonson. Edited by H. C. Hart). De La More Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research (from the French of M. Sage by Noralie Robertson). Johnson. 3s. 6d. net.
Selections from Gower's Confessio Amantis (Edited by G. C. Macaulay). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.
Wanderings in South America (Charles Waterton); Of the Imitation of Christ (Thomas A Kempis). Unit Library. 1s. net each.
Handy Andy (Samuel Lover). 3s. 6d. net; **Rejected Addresses** (James and Horace Smith). 1s. 6d. net. Methuen.
The Story of Cupid and Psyche (Lucius Apuleius); **Vergil's Æneid** (Translated by E. Fairfax Taylor). 1s. 6d. each. Dent.

(Continued on page 652.)

DEAN'S XMAS BOOKS.

A SPLENDID SERIES OF JUVENILE REWARD BOOKS.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.
Edited by D. HAYMAN.

HAUFF'S FAIRY TALES. Edited by CECILY M'DONELL.

LEATHER STOCKINGS. By FENIMORE COOPER.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE.

NOW-A-DAYS. Edited by Mrs. F. G. GREEN.

LONG, LONG AGO, or NURSERY RHYMES RETOLD.
By M. WATERSON.

Size, Large Post 8vo. (or 7½ in. by 5½ in.), 2s. 6d.; or
Gilt Edges, 3s. 6d.

The above are handsomely bound in deeply embossed pictorial boards, and make most attractive volumes. Each book is profusely illustrated, containing numerous illustrations in black and white, besides coloured plates.

BIG ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK.

Size, Crown Folio (or 12 in. by 16½ in.), 16s.

This is the largest and most magnificent juvenile work that has ever been offered to the public. Here the favourite domestic animals are pictured in heroic size, and great care has been taken in the colouring and printing. There are twelve full-colour pictures, and each picture has matter descriptive of the animal's habits, with original illustrations on the opposite page.

Bound in dark blue English vellum cloth. Cover design in inks and gold embossed. In a printed wrapper.

Ask to see Dean's Rag Books.

London: DEAN & SON, Ltd., 160A Fleet Street, E.C.

Settling the Question.

A.—“Your house is charming, but where is your ‘Encyclopædia Britannica’? I have not seen it anywhere.”

B.—“I never bought one.”

A.—“Then you are at a disadvantage. I should feel lost without mine. You will be in the minority; so many people are well-informed to-day, that if you have not a library at your elbow you cannot hold your own. I remember how great a part of my morning paper was a puzzle to me before I had the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica’; now there is no topic of the day which I am not able, after a half-hour’s reading, to understand and to discuss. I wonder now how I ever did without the volumes, as much as I wonder how the feudal lords, four or five hundred years ago, lived without knowing how to read or write.”

B.—“There seem to be so many things to buy, always.”

A.—“But the Encyclopædia is so easily bought. I paid for mine at the rate of a guinea a month, and although my balance at the bank is never very magnificent, I cannot remember that any of the cheques for a guinea ever made me feel poorer. Many of the things in my house put me out of humour whenever I look at them, because I remember what a wrench it was to pay for them, but the Encyclopædia came as easily as if I had shaken it from a tree. I use it nearly every day, and in a few months it has really made a surprising difference in my point of view; I feel quite confident, now, when a man begins to talk about a subject which would have made me feel altogether out of the running last year.”

B.—“I must subscribe for it some time.”

A.—“You must look sharp, then, for I see that ‘The Times’ is bringing the half-price sale to an end. A few weeks from now you will have to buy the Encyclopædia from your bookseller, and pay him £57 for it, instead of paying ‘The Times’ less than half that, as you can do now, and paying only a guinea a month, as I did.”

B.—“But is the price really to be doubled? Whenever I buy any shares my broker is sure they are going up, and as soon as I buy them they drop.”

A.—“You cannot have had worse luck than I; I am carrying Rands now that I bought just before the war. But this is not the same thing at all, for there is no guesswork about it. ‘The Times’ guarantees that the price will be more than doubled next month.”

B.—“Oh, I should hate that—paying twice as much as you, and getting no more for my money. I am rather cramped for space, though; that is another point to be thought of. I saw the books in your library when we dined with you last week, and I thought at the time what a fine show they made, but they filled two shelves of the bookcase between the windows—they must be eight or ten feet long, all in a row.”

A.—“Not far from that, I should think; but you don’t need to put them on your shelves at all. I did, because I had the shelves to fill; but ‘The Times’ sells a revolving case to hold the books—I have seen them in several houses; a thing that spins round like a turnstile, and you stand it in the corner of a room out of the way, and there is another one that stands flat against the wall. They only ask a guinea for it.”

B.—“And you really think I should use the books if I bought them?”

A.—“I can only tell you my own experience. I use them, and my wife uses them, and when the children come and bother me with questions I tell them to go to the Encyclopædia. There is an index that gives you half-a-million different things to read about, and it will take them some time to ask half-a-million questions. I fancy that is how most people use the Encyclopædia, but I often sit down and have a quiet evening’s reading at it. The articles are not dry at all—in fact, I think I have provided myself with reading for the rest of my life.”

B.—“I never knew you were so keen about books. ‘The Times’ people should pay you for advertising the Encyclopædia.”

A.—“That is just what they have done. They are selling the Encyclopædia at half-price now—you know it was finished only last Spring—so that a lot of people will buy it this month and praise it to their friends afterwards, when it is being sold at a good profit. But even if I had paid the full price for it, I should not grudge the money, for the book has really saved me a great deal more than I paid for it. I get all sorts of good practical hints from it.”

B.—“I must write to ‘The Times’ to-morrow to get an Order Form. I suppose I should buy the Encyclopædia sooner or later, and it must be a good investment to buy it now if it is going to be worth double the money in a few weeks.”

A.—“You will see an Inquiry Form, or whatever they call it, in all the papers. I shouldn’t lose any time about it.”

This form can be sent in an open envelope for 3d., and should be addressed to THE MANAGER, “THE TIMES,” Publication Department, Printing House Square, London, E.C.

Please send me full particulars of the offer which is to close on December 19th, and the book describing the recently completed “Encyclopædia Britannica.” This book I will return to you, within three days of its receipt, in the stamped and addressed cover you enclose with it.

Name
(Please write clearly.)

Address
SAT. 8.

Rank or Occupation

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

THE LIFE OF W. E. GLADSTONE.

By JOHN MORLEY.
With Portraits. In 3 Volumes, 8vo. 42s. net.

ENGLISH SPORT.

By Various Writers.
Edited by ALFRED E. T. WATSON.
With 16 Illustrations in Colour. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Globe.—"A most readable and suggestive book, the charms of which are enhanced by the presence in it of a number of well-executed illustrations in colour."

SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK

By MAURICE and EDWARD DETMOLD.
The illustrations are reproduced in colour from the Original Drawings in the highest style of Lithography, and the Plates, which have an average measurement of 10 by 12 inches, are mounted and inserted in a Portfolio.
Limited to 500 Copies. £5 5s. net.

By Sir GILBERT PARKER and C. G. BRYAN. OLD QUEBEC: the Fortress of New France.

With numerous Portraits, Illustrations, and Maps. 8vo. 15s. net.
Daily Telegraph.—"This fascinating book.....An important contribution to the literature of Canada for which we are grateful to the authors."

VOLUMES III. & IV. NOW READY. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By W. J.

COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A., D.Lit., LL.D., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 12s. net each.
Previously published Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 10s. net each.
Speaker.—"Cannot be read or reviewed without great respect, not only for the author's learning, but for his temperance and common sense. He is never a partisan, never writes for effect, and never says more than he means. He has a great command of facts, and his book is filled with them, but not so as to clog the current of his discourse or to obscure his general views."

THE EVERSLEY SERIES.—New Volumes. HISTORICAL STUDIES. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. 8vo. 4s. net. [Tuesday]. STRAY STUDIES. Second Series. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. 8vo. 4s. net. [Tuesday].

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. New Series. FANNY BURNEY. By AUSTIN DOBSON. Cr. 8vo. gilt top, 2s. net. *Times*.—"A book of unfailing charm—perhaps the most charming of this admirable series."

BOSTON: the Place and the People. By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo. gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

DECEMBER NUMBERS NOW READY. MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s. Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

TEMPLE BAR.

Price 1s. Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, post free, 16s.

DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS NUMBER) contains:
CHRYSANTHEMUMS. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY.—II. Unpublished Letters and Drawings. By W. M. THACKERAY.
ITALIAN VILLAS AND THEIR GARDENS. Sienese Villas. By EDITH WHARTON.
THE PROMISE. By MAARTEN MAARTENS.
And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Price 1s. Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

The DECEMBER NUMBER contains:

THE SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.—I. Sketch. By JULIAN KING COLFORD.
NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.
A COMEDY IN WAX. Serial Story. By B. L. FARJEON.
And numerous other Stories for the Young.

* * Macmillan's New Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application.

MACMILLAN and CO., Limited, London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS—Continued.

Los Ladrones de Asturias: Being the first fifteen chapters of La Historia de Gil Blas de Santillana as translated into Spanish by José Francisco Isla from the original French of Alain René le Sage (Edited by F. A. Kirkpatrick). Cambridge: At the University Press. 3s.

THEOLOGY.

Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible (S. S. Curry). Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.
"Following on to Know the Lord" (Basil Wilberforce). Brown, Langham. 3s. 6d.
St. Anselm (Translated from the Latin by Sidney N. Deane). Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 5s.

TRAVEL.

Forêt-Noire et Alsace (par Masson-Forestier); En Danemark (par Charles Berchon). Paris: Hachette. 5/6. 50c. each.

VERSE.

The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes (Alix Egerton). Mathews. 1s. net.
Last Words (Captain Horace Townshend). Lloyd.
Stray Song and Verse (by "N. V."). Sonnenschein. 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Almanach Hachette, 1904; Almanach du Drapeau, 1904. Paris: Hachette. 2/6. each.
British Industries (Edited by W. J. Ashley). Longmans. 5s. 6d. net.
Fiscal Dispute, The, Made Easy (W. H. Mallock). Nash. 1s.
Fiscal Problem, Elements of the (L. G. Chiozza Money). King. 3s. 6d. net.
Garden Mosaics (Alfred Simson). Duckworth. 4s. 6d. net.
Ireland at the Cross Roads (Wilson Young). Richards. 3s. 6d. net.
La Question Macédonienne (Par Gaston-Routier). Paris: Librairie H. Le Soudier. 3/6. 50c.
Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Musicians (Elbert Hubbard). Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.
On Circuit in Kafirland (Perceval M. Laurence). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
Political Writings, The, of Richard Cobden (Two Vols.) Unwin. 7s.
Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland, Official Year-Book of the (1903). Griffin and Co.
Shakespeare, Eighteenth-Century Essays on (Edited by D. Nichol Smith). Glasgow: MacLehose. 7s. 6d. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER:—The Pall Mall Magazine, 1s.; Longman's Magazine, 6d.; The Delineator, 6d.; Art, 1s.; The Magazine of Art, 1s.; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; The Treasury, 1s.

FOR NOVEMBER:—Revue des Deux Mondes, 3/6.; La Revue (Ancienne "Revue des Revues"), 1/6. 30c.; The Critic (New York), 2s.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s.; The Lamp, 1s.; The Oxford Point of View, 1s.; The American Historical Review; The North American Review, 2s. 6d.; The Liberty Review, 6d.; The Ethical Record, 20c.; East and West (Bombay), 1s.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1903. Price Sixpence.

NATURE'S COMEDIAN. By W. F. NORRIS. Chaps. XI, XII.
A TURKISH REDIF. By FRANCES MACNAB.
THE SUSPICIONS OF TURKENTINE. By CHAS. FIELDING MARSH.
PARLIAMENT IN THE MAKING. By WILLIAM AULD.
AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT. By "RIMPIE."
RESTAURANT-KEEPING IN PARIS. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
BILLY. By MAY KENDALL.
TAURUS INTERVENES. By W. H. RAINSFORD.
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

NOTICES.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is on sale at the following places abroad:—

PARIS The Galvani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli.
" Messrs. Boyveau & Chevillet, 22 Rue de la Banque.
" Le Kiosque Michel, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Le Kiosque Duperron, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Kiosque 172 (Terminus) Rue St. Lazare.
BRUSSELS Messrs. G. Lebeque et Cie., 46 Rue de la Madeleine.
BERLIN W. H. Kuhl, Jägerstrasse 73.
VIENNA Messrs. Gerold & Co., 8 Stefansplatz.
BUDA-PESTH A. Lappert.
ROME Messrs. Loescher & Co., Corso 307.
MADRID Libreria Gutenberg, Plaza de Santa Ana 13.
CONSTANTINOPLE Otto Kell, 457 Grande Rue de Péra.
HAMBURG Schick's Library.
CAIRO The Anglo-American Bookselling Depot.
NEW YORK The International News Company, 83 & 85 Duane St.
BOSTON, MASS. (U.S.A.) Messrs. Damrell & Upham, 283 Washington Street.
TORONTO, CANADA The Toronto News Company, 43 Yonge Street.
" The Harold Wilson Company, 35 King Street West.
MONTREAL, CANADA The Montreal News Company, 386 St. James's Street.
" A. T. Chapman, 2407 St. Catharine Street.

New Volume by FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

With 8 Illustrations by ARTHUR TWIDLE. Crown 8vo. 6s.

SEA-WRACK.

By FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.,

Author of "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot,'" "The Log of a Sea-Waif," "Deep Sea Plunderings," &c.

Vanity Fair.—"A delightful volume. . . . The seafaring man is an open book to Mr. Bullen."
Scotsman.—"Not only keenly interesting. . . . but solidly instructive."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

New Volume by the Author of**"An English Girl in Paris."**

With Cover designed by Mr. JACOMB HOOD. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE RISING GENERATION.

By CONSTANCE E. MAUD,

Author of "An English Girl in Paris," &c.

Times.—"Humorous and clever."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For DECEMBER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CONTENTS.

THE FOND ADVENTURE. Part II.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

COLONIAL MEMORIES: OLD NEW ZEALAND. I. By Lady BROOME.

WHISTLER THE PURIST. By MORTIMER MENFES.

MR. WHIBLEY'S "Thackeray." By ANDREW LANG.

LINES WRITTEN IN DEPRESSION. By A. D. GODLEY.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

By the Rev. W. H. HUTTON, B.D.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS BE DARKENED. By JOHN OXENHAM.

THE GROUSE AND THE GUN-ROOM. By ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

FERMENTS AND FERMENTATIONS. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S.

"IN LOCO PARENTIS." By POWELL MILLINGTON.

London: SMITH, ELDER & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOW READY.—NEW VOLUME OF THE CHEAP EDITION OF THE BOOK LOVER'S LIBRARY.

In foolscap 8vo. printed on antique paper, and tastefully bound, 1s. 6d. net.

THE BOOK OF NOODLES: Stories of Simpletons; or, Fools and their Follies. By W. A. CLOUSTON, Author of "Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migratory and Transformations."

In demy 8vo. handsomely bound and illustrated, price 6s. net.

BYGONE LONDON LIFE: Pictures from a Vanished Past. By G. L. APPERSON, I.S.O., Author of "An Idler's Calendar." With many illustrations.**NEW VOLUME OF ESSAYS.**

In crown 8vo. cloth, price 5s.

DREAMS THAT WERE NOT ALL DREAMS. By J. ALFRED JOHNSTONE.

In crown 4to. cloth, gilt lettered, gilt top, with 53 Photographic Illustrations, price 10s. 6d.

TRAVEL SKETCHES IN EGYPT AND GREECE. By SEYMOUR EISRON."A most delightful and useful *rade memento*."—*Asiatic Review*."The author's description of the physical aspects of the places which he visited are delightful to peruse."—*Freeman's Journal*.**NEW VOLUMES OF VERSE.**

In crown 8vo. appropriately bound, 7s. 6d.

VERA EFFIGIES, and other Stories in VERSE. By COMPTON READE."Mr. Reade writes fine, stately English; his imagery is often striking, and his lines are always musical."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

In crown 8vo. cloth, bevelled boards, gilt lettered, price 2s. 6d.

AFRICAN ITEMS: A Volume of Verse. By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

In crown 8vo. parchment cover. Price 1s. 6d. net.

PRAYER-THOUGHTS. Some Names and Titles of Christ devotionally considered. By the Rev. N. A. GARLAND, M.A., late Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton."Anyone adopting the suggestion to read one of them each day will find them uplifting and spiritually refreshing."—*Church Missionary Intelligence*."The poetry reaches a good level, and the treatment of the subjects is chaste and reverent."—*English Churchman*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

MR. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Edited by HENRY NEWBOLT.

No. 39. DECEMBER, 1903. 2s. 6d. net.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A SECOND VOYAGE TO LAPUTA. ON THE LINE.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE HOUSE—Hon. W. PEMBER REEVES (Agent-General for New Zealand).

THE CAVALRY AND ITS PRINCIPAL ARM—EQUES.

THEODORE MOMMSEN—EMIL REICH, D.C.L.

THE REPORT ON THE FLEET MANŒUVRES—JULIAN CORBETT.

THE PUBLIC OPINION AND MACEDONIA—NOEL BUXTON (Chairman of the Balkan Committee) and CHARLES BUXTON.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE.—(Concluded).

CHARLES II. AND REUNION WITH ROME—Rev. ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

A RAMBLE IN CLUBLAND—A. INNES SHAND.

FORT AMITY—XIII. XIV.—A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE JOURNAL of MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

By way of Switzerland and Germany, in 1580 and 1581. Translated and Edited with an Introduction and Notes by W. G. WATERS, Author of "Jerome Cardan," &c. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s. net. [Just out.]

SOME INDIAN FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

A Study of the Ways of Birds and other Animals frequenting Indian Streets and Gardens. By Lt.-Colonel D. D. CUNNINGHAM, C.I.E., F.R.S. With eight Coloured Plates and numerous other Illustrations by the Author. Square demy 8vo. 12s. net. [Just out.]

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By HENRY W. NEVINSON, Author of "The Plea of Pan." Square demy 8vo. 9s. net. [Ready next week.]

CONTENTS:—A Merchant of London—Sabrina Fair—A Don's Day—Sic Vos non Vobis—Gaudemus Igitur—In Twenty-four Hours—Corpus Christi—The Relief of Eden—Vae Victis—Of Your Charity—Izwa!—A Little Honey—The Last Rag—The Pinnacle of Fame.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By FRANCIS First Earl of ELLESMERE (b. 1800, d. 1857). From carefully prepared and hitherto unpublished Memoranda. Edited, with a Memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his Daughter, ALICE Countess of STRAFFORD. With Portrait. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Ready next week.]

REMINISCENCES OF A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. Square demy 8vo. 12s. net. [Ready next week.]

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street, W.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Special Articles:

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.**THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF.**

By THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Public Opinion is the only paper in which all sides of the Fiscal Question are given.

Price 2d. weekly.

Office: 6 BELL'S BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET, E.C.

A JUDICIAL SELECTION.

Articles in this Series appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW:—11 July, The Lord Chief Justice; 18 July, Mr. Justice Wright; 25 July, Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Justice Lawrence; 1 August, The Master of the Rolls; 8 August, The Lord Chancellor; 24 Oct., Mr. Justice Darling; Oct. 31, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams; Nov. 7, Mr. Justice Phillimore; Nov. 21, Mr. Justice Wills.

AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF SHAKESPEAREANA.
MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 15 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, December 7, at half-past 2 o'clock precisely, a very valuable and important COLLECTION OF SHAKESPEAREANA.
May be viewed two days prior. Illustrated Catalogues may be had.

A PORTION OF THE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE J. L. DOUGLAS STEWART, ESQ.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 15 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, December 7, at 1 o'clock precisely, a COLLECTION of BOOKS and AUTOGRAPHS, chiefly from the library of the late John Leveson Douglas Stewart, Esq., comprising additional illustrated books with rare portraits, including a fine copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Life and Works, containing original drawings, numerous portraits, autograph letters; illustrated works on fencing, British Sports, illustrated by Alken; caricatures, costume, éditions de luxe.
May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

Practical Handbooks

PUBLISHED BY

L. UPCOTT GILL, 170 Strand, London.

Aquaria, Book of. A Practical Guide to the Construction, Arrangement and Management of Freshwater and Marine Aquaria; containing Full Information as to the Plants, Weeds, Fish, Molluscs, Insects, &c., How and Where to Obtain Them, and How to Keep Them in Health. By REV. GREGORY C. BATEMAN, A.K.C., and REGINALD A. R. BENNETT, B.A. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 5s. 6d., by post 5s. 10d.

Autograph Collecting: A Practical Manual for Amateurs and Historical Students, containing ample information on the Selection and Arrangement of Autographs, the Detection of Forged Specimens, &c., to which are added numerous Facsimiles for Study and Reference, and an extensive Valuation Table of Autographs worth collecting. By HENRY T. SCOTT, M.D., L.R.C.P., &c. In leatherette gilt, price 7s. 6d. net, by post 7s. 10d.

Bookbinding for Amateurs: Being Descriptions of the various Tools and Appliances Required, and Minute Instructions for their Effective Use. By W. J. E. CRANE. Illustrated with 156 Engravings. In cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d., by post 2s. 9d.

Cactus Culture for Amateurs: Being Descriptions of the various Cactuses grown in this country; with Full and Practical Instructions for their Successful Cultivation. By W. WATSON, Assistant Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. New Edition. Profusely illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

Coins of Great Britain and Ireland, a Guide to the, in Gold, Silver, and Copper, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, with their value. By the late COLONEL W. STEWART THORBURN. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged by H. A. GRUBBER, F.S.A. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 10s. 6d., by post 10s. 10d.

Dogs, Breaking and Training: Being Concise Directions for the proper Education of Dogs, both for the Field and for Companions. Second Edition. By "PATHFINDER." With Chapters by HUGH DALZIEL. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 6s. 6d., by post 6s. 10d.

Dragonflies, British. Being an Exhaustive Treatise on our Native Odonata: Their Collection, Classification, and Preservation. By W. J. LUCAS, B.A. Very fully illustrated with 27 Plates, illustrating 39 Species, exquisitely printed in Colour, and numerous Black-and-White Engravings. In cloth gilt, price 31s. 6d., by post 32s.

Engravings and their Value. Containing a Dictionary of all the Greatest Engravers and their Works. By J. H. SLATER. Third Edition. Revised with an appendix and illustrations, and with latest Prices at Auction, &c. In cloth gilt, price 15s., by post 15s. 5d.

Ferns, The Book of Choice: for the Garden, Conservatory, and Stove. Describing the best and most striking Ferns and Selaginellas, and giving explicit directions for their Cultivation, the formation of Rockeries, the arrangement of Ferneries, &c. By GEORGE SCHNEIDER. With numerous Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. In 3 vols. large post 4to. Cloth gilt, price £3 3s., by post £3 5s.

Gardening, The Book of. A Handbook of Horticulture. By well-known Specialists, including J. M. Abbott, W. G. Baker, Charles Bennett, H. J. Chapman, James Douglas, Charles Friedrich, A. Griessen, F. M. Mark, Trevor Monmouth, G. Schneider, Mortimer Thorn, J. J. Willis, and Alan Wynne. Edited by W. D. DRURY (Author of "Home Gardening," "Insects Injurious to Fruit," "Popular Bulb Culture," &c.). Very fully illustrated. 1 vol. demy 8vo., about 1,200 pp., price 16s., by post 16s. 9d.

Greenhouse Construction and Heating. Containing Full Descriptions of the Various Kinds of Greenhouses, Stove Houses, Forcing Houses, Pits and Frames, with Directions for their Construction; and also Descriptions of the Different Types of Boilers, Pipes, and Heating Apparatus generally, with Instructions for Fixing the Same. By B. C. RAVENSCROFT. Illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d., by post 3s. 9d.

Greenhouse Management for Amateurs. The Best Greenhouses and Frames, and How to Build and Heat them, Illustrated Descriptions of the most suitable Plants, with General and Special Cultural Directions, and all necessary information for the Guidance of the Amateur. By W. J. MAY. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged. Magnificently illustrated. In cloth gilt, price 5s., by post 5s. 4d.

LA REVUE

(Ancienne "Revue des Revues").

La plus répandue et la plus importante parmi les grandes revues françaises et étrangères, nouvelle série agrandie, sur papier de luxe, articles inédits de premier ordre, collaborateurs les plus illustres, etc. etc., paraît le 1er et le 15 de chaque mois.

Un an 28 fr.; 6 mois, 16 fr.

Les nouveaux abonnés pour 1904 recevront gratuitement tous les numéros à partir du 1er Octobre, 1903, c'est-à-dire 30 Nos. pour 24 et 3 magnifiques gravures choisies parmi les chefs-d'œuvre du Musée du Louvre, sur papier de Chine (d'une valeur d'environ 30 fr.).

Spécimen gratuit sur demande.

PARIS: 12 AV. DE L'OPERA. DIRECTEUR, JEAN FINOT.

686

"THE CHRISTIAN WORLD" of July 30 says:

"The Daily News is demonstrating that a clean, moral daily newspaper can be made to pay. Some time ago all racing and betting news was excluded from its columns; now all advertisements of alcoholic liquors are likewise banished. The high moral purpose which dictated this policy has had its reward. Instead of suffering financial loss, The Daily News has reaped unexpectedly rapid benefit. The circulation of the paper is increasing every month at the rate of 1,000 a day, and a heavy loss has been converted into an actual profit. At the end of September The Daily News is to be enlarged to sixteen pages. This week a special morning train has been started so that the paper may be on sale in Birmingham and other Midland cities and towns by half-past six each morning. The anti-betting and anti-liquor policy has largely changed the constituency of the paper, and is winning it friends in various quarters. Dean Kitchin, of Durham, has by a private letter from the Deanery been urging temperance people to give their warm friendship and help to a newspaper which consistently keeps up a high moral tone and treats all questions from the point of view of enlightened Christianity. We wish The Daily News a continuance of the prosperity it has earned by its bold innovation."

By Special Newspaper Train from London

THE DAILY NEWS

is now on Sale every Morning in

BIRMINGHAM	6.30.
LEICESTER	6.30.
NOTTINGHAM	6.30.
SHEFFIELD	6.30.
RUGBY	6.30.

Other Midland and Northern Towns at an early hour.

Sold by all Newsagents and at all Railway Bookstalls;

OR POST FREE:

One Week, 9d.; Four Weeks, 3/-; One Quarter, 9/6.

BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Fourth Edition, Revised, 5s.; 60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

"A brilliant book."—The Times.

"It very emphatically tops them all."—Daily Graphic.

60 Illustrations and Maps, 5s.

NORTH WALES.

60 Illustrations and Maps, 5s.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

"Far superior to ordinary guides."—London Daily Chronicle.

Edited by **RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.**

1s. each. Illustrated.

Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

The Isle of Wight. The Channel Islands.
The Vale of Llangollen. Ross. Monmouth, Tintern.
Brecon and its Beacons. The Severn Valley.
Bournemouth and the New Forest. The Wye Valley.
Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, and St. Leonards.
Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Cheltenham.
Llandrindod Wells and the Spas of Mid-Wales.
Bristol, Bath, Wells, Weston-super-Mare, Cheddar Valley.
Aberystwith, Borth, Towyn, Aberdovey, and Machynlleth.
Llandudno, Rhyl, Bangor, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan.
Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Pwllheli.
Conway, Colwyn Bay, Trefriw, Bettws-y-Coed, Festiniog.
Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and the Norfolk Broads.
Exeter, Plymouth, Exmouth, Dawlish.
Torquay, Teignmouth, Paignton, Dartmoor.
Plymouth, Looe, Fowey, St. Austell.
Falmouth, Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Islands.

Letter from H.M. THE KING.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the honour of submitting your letter to the King, and I am commanded by His Majesty, in reply, to thank you for the copy of the new edition, so well got up, of 'London and Environs,' which you have transmitted for His Majesty's acceptance."

"Yours faithfully,

"KNOLLYS.

"R. Darlington, Esq., F.R.G.S."

1s. THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD. An Illustrated Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the World.

LLANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD.
PARIS & NEW YORK: BRENTANO'S.
The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.*President*—The Lord Balcarras, M.P., F.S.A.*Treasurer*—Ernest Beckett, Esq., M.P.*Honorary Secretaries*—Isidore Spielmann, Esq., F.S.A., and Robert C. Witt, Esq.*Offices*—47 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

Subscriptions are invited to this Fund, the minimum sum to constitute membership being one guinea per annum. It is anticipated that individual members may be willing to offer a larger subscription or donations. Such donations may be allocated by the donors to any of three separate funds: (1) for ancient pictures and drawings; (2) for other ancient works of art; (3) for modern works of art. Further particulars will be found in the circulars, which may be obtained, with forms for subscription, on application to the Honorary Secretaries. The following are some of the names of over three hundred members who have already joined:—

The Lord Aldenham, Trustee, National Portrait Gallery; W. C. Alexander, Esq.; Sir Alma-Tadema, R.A.; The Right Hon. Lord Alverstone, K.B., G.C.M.G., Lord Chief Justice of England; Sir William R. Anson, Bart., M.P., Vice-President of Board of Education; Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of National Gallery, Dublin; The Right Hon. Lord Avebury, D.C.L., F.R.S., Trustee, British Museum; Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O.; Rev. Canon Barnett; Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., P.R.B.A.; John Beattie, Esq.; The Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G.; Sir Reginald W. P. Beauchamp, Bart.; Robert H. Benson, Esq.; The Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P.; Reginald Blomfield, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.; Edward Bond, Esq., M.P.; Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Esq.; Robert Bridges, Esq., M.A., F.R.C.P.; Professor Frederick Brown; Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.P.; William Burrell, Esq.; The Most Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury; Arthur B. Chamberlain, Esq.; Sir William Chance, Bart.; Lady Chance; Professor A. H. Church, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.; Sir C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., F.S.A., Director of Art Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum; Somers Clarke, Esq., F.S.A.; W. A. Coats, Esq.; The Viscount Cobham; Sidney Cockerell, Esq.; Sidney Colvin, Esq., M.A., Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum; Sir W. Martin Conway, M.A.; Herbert F. Cook, Esq., F.S.A.; Walter Crane, Esq., R.W.S., President, Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society; The Earl of Crawford, K.T., F.R.S., Trustee, British Museum; Lionel Cust, Esq., M.A., M.V.O., F.S.A., Director of National Portrait Gallery; The Hon. Mr. Justice Darling; Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, K.C.B.; The Lord Dillon, President of Society of Antiquaries; J. J. Dobbie, Esq., M.A., Director of Science and Art Museum, Edinburgh; Campbell Dodgson, Esq.; The Right Hon. the Earl Egerton of Tatton; Sir John Evans, K.C.B., F.R.S., Trustee, British Museum; Sir W. J. Farrer, F.R.G.S.; Miss Ffoulkes; The Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, M.P., Trustee, National Portrait Gallery; Mrs. Flower; J. Staats Forbes, Esq.; Right Hon. Lewis Fry, D.L.; R. E. Fry, Esq.; Ernest George, Esq.; Robert Gibb, Esq., R.S.A., Curator of National Gallery of Scotland; Sir T. D. Gibson-Carmichael, Bart.; Colonel Goff, R.E.; Edmund Gosse, Esq.; The Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, Trustee, National Portrait Gallery; Miss Alice Goetz; Lady Theodora Guest; Right Hon. W. C. Gully, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons, Principal Trustee, British Museum; Sir James Guthrie, P.R.S.A.; Sir Francis Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S., President, Royal Society of Painter-Etchers; Miss Jane E. Harrison; Sir A. Henderson, Bart., M.P.; Mrs. Herringham; J. P. Heseltine, Esq., Trustee, National Gallery; Harold Hodge, Esq.; Thomas Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.; L. W. Hodson, Esq.; The Right Hon. Jonathan Hogg, D.L.; Capt. G. L. Holford, C.V.O., C.I.E.; W. Holman-Hunt, Esq.; Charles Holroyd, Esq., Director of National Gallery of British Art; Herbert P. Horne, Esq.; Sir Henry H. Howorth, K.C.I.E., F.R.S.; Miss F. Ionides; Miss S. Ionides; Col. Sir Herbert Jekyll, R.E., K.C.M.G.; W. H. H. Jessop, Esq.; H. W. B. Joseph, Esq.; Arthur Kay, Esq.; Col. Kemp, M.P.; Right Hon. William Kenrick, P.C.; The Viscount Knutsford, G.C.M.G., Trustee, National Portrait Gallery; Guy Francis Laking, Esq., M.V.O., F.S.A.; The Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., Chairman of Trustees, National Gallery; J. G. Legge, Esq.; Rev. the Hon. E. R. Lindsay; W. A. Lindsay, Esq., M.A., K.C.; Leonard C. C. Lindsay, Esq., F.S.A.; Gerald W. E. Loder, Esq., M.P.; The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., President of Board of Education; R. S. Lorimer, Esq., A.R.S.A.; The Earl of Lovelace; H. Thompson Lyon, Esq., F.S.A.; Hon. Neville S. Lytton; D. S. MacColl, Esq.; B. B. Macgeorge, Esq.; J. W. Mackail, Esq.; Louis Mallet, Esq.; Sir J. Stirling Maxwell, Bart., M.P.; John T. Middlemore, Esq., M.P.; Right Hon. John Morley, O.M., M.A., F.R.S., M.P., Trustee, British Museum; Lady O. Morrell; Sir Francis Mowatt, G.C.B.; Henry Newbolt, Esq.; Bowyer Nichols, Esq.; Philip Norman, Esq., F.S.A., Treasurer, Society of Antiquaries; James Orrock, Esq., R.L., M.R.C.S.; Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart., Mus.Doc., D.C.L.; J. A. Paton, Esq., F.L.S., Curator, Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow; The Viscount Peel, D.C.L., Chairman of Trustees, National Portrait Gallery; E. H. Pember, Esq., K.C.; Claude Phillips, Esq., Director, Wallace Collection; Lionel Phillips, Esq.; Colonel G. T. Plunkett, C.B., Director of Science and Art Museum, Dublin; Arthur Ponsonby, Esq.; Sir Francis Powell, R.W.S.; Sir Edward J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A., Director of the National Gallery; Sir William H. Preece, K.C.B.; F. G. Hilton Price, Esq., F.S.A., F.G.S.; Val C. Prinsep, Esq., R.A.; R. W. Raper, Esq., M.A., B.C.L.; W. G. Rawlinson, Esq.; The Rev. Canon Rawnsley; C. H. Read, Esq., F.S.A., Keeper of Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, British Museum; Sir William B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.; Charles Ricketts, Esq.; Sir J. C. Robinson, C.B.; E. R. Robson, Esq., F.S.A.; The Lord Bishop of Rochester; Sir J. Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., C.B.; Max Rosenheim, Esq., F.S.A.; Sir Edward A. Sassoon, Bart., M.P.; C. H. Shannon, Esq.; Bernard G. Shaw, Esq.; The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P.; F. E. Sidney, Esq., F.S.A.; H. Clifford Smith, Esq.; M. H. Spielmann, Esq., F.S.A.; The Earl Stanhope, F.S.A.; The Lord Stavordale; The Lord Bishop of Stepney; J. St. L. Strachey, Esq.; S. Arthur Strong, Esq., M.A., Librarian, House of Lords; Mrs. Arthur Strong; Major-General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, K.C.B.; Sir William H. Tate, Bart., J.P.; A. G. Temple, Esq., F.S.A., Director of the Corporation Art Gallery, Guildhall; Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.; Sir E. Maunde Thompson, K.C.B., Principal Librarian, British Museum; Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., M.P.; Professor Waldstein; Harry Wallis, Esq., F.S.A.; Whitworth Wallis, Esq., F.S.A., Director of Art Museum, Birmingham; Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B.; The Lady Wantage; T. Humphry Ward, Esq.; Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S.; Colonel C. M. Watson, R.E., C.B., C.M.G.; G. F. Watts, Esq., O.M., R.A.; W. H. J. Weale, Esq.; Aston Webb, Esq., R.A., P.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.; The Lord Windsor, First Commissioner of Works; The Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P.; Sir Henry F. R. Yorke, K.C.B.

**The London Hospital,
WHITECHAPEL.**

The only large General Hospital for the whole of
East London.

The largest Adult and largest Children's Hospital in
England.

13,364 in-patients last year.

The passport for Admission is Sickness or Injury, com-
bined with Poverty.

NO "LETTERS" REQUIRED.

It is really a very difficult and anxious task to collect
the £220 a day needed to keep this great work up as
it should be, and I should be very grateful if those
who read this would help.

SYDNEY HOLLAND,
Chairman.

**LONDON HOSPITAL PRIVATE NURSING STAFF
TRAINED NURSES**

for Medical and Surgical Cases—Adult and Children—
can be had immediately.

Apply MATRON,
London Hospital, Whitechapel.

Telephone 4,466, Avenue.

The Nurses on the Private Staff return to the Wards
between their cases after sufficient rest, so that their
work and knowledge are kept thoroughly up to date.

**POPLAR HOSPITAL
FOR ACCIDENTS.****REASONS FOR HELPING.**

1. Situated amongst a teeming population of poor
hard-working people in a district that may be
called the "workshop" as well as the "Port"
of London.
2. Accidents treated at the rate of FIVE an hour
for every day of every year.
3. Five miles of men standing side by side treated
for accidents only in one year.
4. No endowment—but has never been in debt, and
never shall be. If subscriptions fall off the work
will be curtailed, and ward or wards closed.
This would cause great misery.
5. Free to all. No Letters required.

CHAIRMAN:

Hon. SYDNEY HOLLAND, 44 Bryanston Square.

SECRETARY:

Lt-Col. FENERAN, Poplar Hospital, Blackwall, E.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'s LIST.**"CARTER OF CLEWER."****LIFE and LETTERS of THOMAS**

THELLUSSON CARTER, Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer, and Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Edited by the Ven. W. H. HUTCHINGS, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland. With 3 Portraits and 8 other Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

PRAEPARATIO: HOLY DAYS; or,

Notes of Preparation for Holy Communion, founded on the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for every Holy Day and Saint's Day in the Year. With Preface by the Rev. GEORGE CONGEEVE, M.A., of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

EMBER THOUGHTS: Addresses givenat Ely. By B. W. RANDOLPH, D.D., Principal of Ely Theological College, Hon. Canon of Ely. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net. *[In a few days.]***MARRIAGE AND MARRIAGES**

(Parts I. and II. for Single, Part III. for Married Folk.) By E. C. HARVEY BROOKS. Crown 8vo. 4s. net.

* * Bound suitably for a Gift Book in white cloth, with gilt top.

New Volume of the Collected Edition of Professor
Max Müller's Works.**THE SIX SYSTEMS of INDIAN**

PHILOSOPHY. By F. MAX MÜLLER. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

REVISED BY PROFESSOR KOCH.

THE PREVENTION OF CON-SUMPTION. By ALFRED HILLIER, B.A., M.D., Secretary to the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption (England), Visiting Physician to the London Open-Air Sanatorium. With 14 Illustrations, crown 8vo. 5s. net. *[In a few days.]***THE HAGGARD SIDE: being Essays**

in Fiction. By the Author of "Times and Days," "Auto da Fé," &c. Crown 8vo. 5s.

CHRISTIAN THAL: a Story of MusicalLife. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell), Author of "Fiander's Widow," "The Duenna of a Genius," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.
"The girl Juliet, with her fanciful dancing and endless capacity for hero-worship is prettily drawn, and the foibles and shifts of the music students are described with zest."—*Manchester Guardian.***Standard Books.**

By the Rev. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, D.D.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 5 vols.Crown 8vo.
PERIOD I.—MEDIÆVAL MONARCHY. A.D. 449-1485. 4s. 6d.
PERIOD II.—PERSONAL MONARCHY. 1485-1603. 3s.
PERIOD III.—CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY. 1603-1837. 7s. 6d.
PERIOD IV.—THE GROWTH OF DEMOCRACY. 1837-1890. 6s.
PERIOD V.—IMPERIAL REACTION: VICTORIA. 1890-1901. *[Nearly ready.]*

By MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of London.

A HISTORY OF THE PAPACY,

from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome, 1378-1527. 6 vols. crown 8vo. 5s. net each.

By JOHN STUART MILL.

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC. Crown 8vo.

3s. 6d.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.POPULAR EDITION. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
LIBRARY EDITION. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, AND SCOTLAND. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

By the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY, F.R.S.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION

AND THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN: Mental and Social Condition of Savages. SIXTH EDITION, with numerous Additions (1902). With 6 Plates and 20 Illustrations in the Text, 8vo. 12s.

By PETER M. ROGET.

THESAURUS of ENGLISH WORDS

AND PHRASES, Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and Assist in Literary Composition. Recomposed throughout. Enlarged and Improved, partly from the Author's Notes, with a full index, by the Author's Son, JOHN LEWIS ROGET. NEW EDITION (1901). Crown 8vo. 9s. net.

* * A Complete List of Announcements and New Books for the Autumn and Winter Season sent on Application. Address, "ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT."

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CASSELL & COMPANY'S
Announcements.

NOW READY. Price 30s. net.

A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE
OLD FRENCH FAÏENCE.

By M. L. SOLON.

Edited by WILLIAM BURTON,

Author of "English Porcelain."

With 24 Plates in Colour, and 11 containing Reproductions of Marks on the Wares and 48 Black and White Plates.

This Edition is limited to 1,200 Copies.

Now Ready. Price 15s. net.

LI HUNG-CHANG.**His Life and Times.**

By Mrs. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

With Portraits and Map.

The *Daily Mail* says:—"The life story of Li Hung-Chang is the history of China for half a century, and Mrs. Archibald Little has realised this to the full, and has furnished a work of absorbing interest. Mrs. Little gives us a wonderfully intimate view of China's great man."

Now Ready. Price 16s. net.

THE LIFE of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

With Portrait.

For several years Mr. MacDonagh has been collecting materials for the work—unpublished letters, anecdotes, and reminiscences, which he has obtained in abundance from many quarters, and through the courtesy of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he has also had the advantage of perusing the Irish State papers, hitherto secret, dealing with O'Connell.

Now Ready, price 10s. 6d.

WILD NATURE'S WAYS.

By R. KEARTON, F.Z.S.

With Rembrandt frontispiece and 100 illustrations from photographs taken direct from Nature by Cherry and Richard Kerton.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Mr. R. Kearton's 'Wild Nature's Ways' is a mine of marvels and more fascinating than any romance. The achievements of his recording camera are truly wonderful."

Now Ready, price 6s.

MY ADVENTURES ON
THE AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS.

By WILLIAM CRAIG.

The *Daily Chronicle*.—"Where has all the dear old sentiment gone to nowadays?..... Perhaps the best answer is that it has not gone at all. It still entrals a large public.... If so, that audience may take note that here is a book after its own heart, both in style and matter..... et the real interest of the book lies mainly in the views of life it connotes."

Vol. IV., Now Ready, cloth, 12s.; half-leather, 15s.

THE NATION'S PICTURES.

A Selection from the Finest Modern Paintings in the Public Picture Galleries of Great Britain, reproduced in Colour. Volume IV. is complete in itself and contains 48 Pictures reproduced in Colour, accompanied by descriptive text.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"The reproductions in each case are very successful; brilliant in colour, the fine shades are brought out, and the entire effect a faithful reflection of the original picture."

Just Published. Complete in one handsome volume. Price 15s. net.

THE BOOK OF THE CAT.

By FRANCES SIMPSON.

With 12 full-page plates in colour and numerous illustrations in the text.
"From her store of expert knowledge Miss Simpson has written all about cats.... A comprehensive and valuable work on a subject of which literature has been somewhat neglectful. The volume is rich in illustrations. The coloured plates, showing the perfect type of animal in each variety, are specially noteworthy." *Daily Chronicle.*

Now Ready, price 6s.

NATURE'S RIDDLES;**Or, The Battle of the Beasts.**

By H. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN, M.A., F.Z.S., F.E.S.

With coloured frontispiece and a remarkable series of illustrations from original and unique photographs.

The *Nottingham Guardian*.—"The volume is illustrated by the most apposite photographs from Nature, which show the author, who has taken them himself, to be a student of the advanced and enlightened school associated with the names of the brothers Kearton."

Now Ready, price 12s.

CASSELL'S POPULAR SCIENCE.

Edited by ALEXANDER S. GALT.

With 12 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations.

The *Field* says:—"The title of this book scarcely conveys to the reader an idea of the exceeding interest of the subject-matter. Upon many subjects that are familiar to all, but about which ordinary persons know but little, a clear light is thrown."

CASSELL & COMPANY, Ltd., London; and all Booksellers.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 28 November, 1903.